"DUMB AND DUMBER"

Screenplay by

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SHOOTING DRAFT
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FADE IN:

1 EXT. PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND - WINTER MORNING 1

A PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN is standing on the street corner waiting for a bus. She's carrying books and looking very collegiate.

A black stretch LIMOUSINE with darkened windows drives past, SLAMS ON ITS BRAKES, and backs up. The Young Woman stares at her reflection in the windows, wondering what this is about.

Finally, the REAR PASSENGER WINDOW zips down, revealing LLOYD CHRISTMAS, age 30. He's a pleasant-enough looking guy, if a little shaggy. He's wearing a dark suit.

LLOYD
Excuse me, can you tell me how to get to the medical school? I'm supposed to be giving a lecture in twenty minutes and my driver's a bit lost.

YOUNG WOMAN
(heavy European accent)
Go straight aheads and makes a left over za bridge.

Lloyd checks out her body.

LLOYD
I couldn't help noticing the accent. You from Jersey?

YOUNG WOMAN
(unimpressed)
Austria.

LLOYD
Austria? You're kidding.
(mock-Australian accent)
Well, g'day, mate. What do you say we get together later and throw a few shrimp on the barbie.

The Young Woman turns her back to him and walks away.

LLOYD (CONT.)
(to self)
Guess I won't be going Down Under tonight...

He SIGHS and zips the window back up.

2 INT. LIMO 2

Lloyd climbs through the driver's partition into the front seat. Then he puts a CHAUFFEUR'S CAP on his head and drives away. We see that HE'S THE DRIVER!

The dispatch radio CRACKLES TO LIFE:

DISPATCHER
(v.o.)
Car 22, come in, car 22...

Lloyd grabs the CB mike.

LLOYD
This is 22.

DISPATCHER
(v.o.)
22, where the hell are you, Lloyd? You're running late on the East Side pick-up.

LLOYD
Cool your jets, Arnie. I'm on my way.

DISPATCHER
(v.o.)
Well hurry it up. And make sure you park legally. One more ticket and your ass is history.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY 3

We see a parked vehicle decorated like a GIANT DALMATION, with four legs hanging off the sides, a tail in the rear, and a dog's snout on the front grill. MUTT CUTTS is written on the side of it. A man in his early 30's, HARRY DUNN, dressed in a ridiculous BEAGLE COSTUME including a CAP WITH FLOPPY EARS comes along carrying a fast food bag. He gets into the van.

4 INT. MUTT CUTTS VAN 4

Harry WHISTLES happily as he reaches into the bag and starts pulling out food.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY
Okay, the double-decker's mine...Who had the weinerschnitzel?

We see a STANDARD POODLE, groomed like a show dog, stick his head in from the back of the van. Harry hands him his food.

HARRY (CONT.)
Here you go, Dolph...And the roast beef sandwich au jus?

A FRENCH POODLE, coiffed to the max with ribbons and pom-poms, sticks her head forward.

HARRY (CONT.)
Bon apetite, Sweet n'Low...All right, who's got the foot-long?

A YAPPING TOY POODLE comes forward.

HARRY (CONT.)
Very funny, Rascal...

A LARGE POODLE sticks his head in and grabs the weenie. Just then, we hear a VOICE coming from Harry's C.B. radio. It's his annoyed boss, MR. PALMER:

PALMER (V.O.)
Harry, why haven't you dropped those dogs off at the show yet?

HARRY
I wasn't about to send them to a performance on an empty stomach, sir.

PALMER (V.O.)
Well Mrs. Neugeboren called and said she's been waiting for two hours for Sweet n'Low. Is that bitch shampooed and groomed yet?

HARRY
Your guess is as good as mine, Mr. Palmer, but I'll tell you one thing: her poodle's looking pretty sharp.

PALMER (V.O.)
Get a move on it, you moron! That dog show begins in twenty minutes!

HARRY
Roger and out.

Harry puts on his Walkman headset, resumes whistling, and floors it. As the van kicks into high gear, we hear the O.S. sound of the DOGS BEING BOUNCED AROUND.

5 EXT. STREET - DAY 5

The Mutt Cutts van races down a hill and SQUEALS around a corner. Over this we hear more sounds of DOGS GETTING THRASHED ABOUT.

6 INT. BACK OF MUTT CUTTS VAN - DAY 6

We see the group of dogs slide left, then right, then left again as the van takes sharp turns.

7 EXT. STREET - DAY 7

The Mutt Cutts van takes another corner, PEELS down the street, and SKIDS to a stop in front of a WOMAN pushing a baby carriage across the street.

8 INT. MUTT CUTTS VAN - DAY 8

We hear a THUMP as the van jams to a stop and the poodles bounce off the back of the seats. (Harry is jamming to the tunes and oblivious to the racket behind him.)

9 EXT. STREET - DAY 9

After the Woman passes, the van TAKES OFF again, sending the terrified dogs SLIDING to the back of the van again.

10 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - DAY 10

The van SCREECHES to a halt. Harry hops out and moves to tbe back doors:

HARRY
Okay, gang, you know the rules: no pushing, no humping, no sniffing heinies...

A nervous, angry, rich woman, MRS. NEUGEBOREN, approaches.

MRS. NEUGEBOREN
Where have you been?! My dogs were supposed to be here an hour. Now I hardly have any time to primp them.

HARRY
Don't worry, ma'am. These pooches don't need any primping. I bathed and clipped 'em myself, and I stand by my performance.

(CONTINUED)

He pulls open the doors and smiles proudly at Mrs. Neugeboren. She takes one look and coughs out a SHRIEK. Harry senses that something is wrong and looks for himself.

HARRY'S POV - the formerly robust and groomed dogs now look like frazzled, shivering strays. Their hair sticks up Don King-style and they're covered with ketchup and mustard.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. EAST SIDE ESTATE - DAY 11

Lloyd Christmas pulls the limousine into a long, tree-lined driveway. He gets out and looks up in awe at an IMPRESSIVE STONE MANSION. He WHISTLES to himself, then walks to the front door and RINGS THE BELL.

The double-front doors of the mansion open and MARY SWANSON appears. She's 25 and gorgeous. Lloyd's jaw drops when he lays eyes on her.

MARY
Hello.
(beat)
I'll just be a minute...

As Mary steps back inside, Lloyd takes out a tiny can of Binaca. He sprays his mouth, under his arms, his hair, behind his ears...

CUT TO:

12 INT. LIMO - DAY 12

Lloyd is driving and Mary is in the back, looking out the window, lost in thought. She's got a BRIEFCASE resting on her lap and she fingers the leather nervously. Lloyd keeps glancing at her in the rear-view mirror, but for a moment he is speechless. Then:

LLOYD
Why you going to the airport? Flying somewhere?

MARY
(dead-pan)
How'd you guess?

(CONTINUED)

LLOYD
Well, I saw your luggage, then when I noticed the airline ticket, I put two and two together.
(beat)
So where you heading?

MARY
Aspen.

LLOYD
Oh, you're gonna love it. I hear California's beautiful this time of year.

Mary looks back out the window and Lloyd sneaks another glance.

LLOYD (CONT.)
Name's Christmas. Lloyd Christmas.

MARY
I'm Mary.

ON LLOYD - we can almost see his mind work. He's desperate to impress her.

LLOYD
Uh, this isn't my real job, you know. It's only temporary.

MARY
Oh?

LLOYD
Yeah, you see, my friend Harry and me are saving up our money so we can open our own pet store.

MARY
That's nice.

LLOYD
(smiling)
I got worms.

MARY
I beg your pardon?

LLOYD
That's what we're gonna call it: I Got Worms. We're gonna specialize in selling worm farms--you know, like ant farms.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LLOYD (cont'd)
A lot of people don't realize that worms make much better pets than ants. They're quiet, affectionate, they don't bite, and they're super with the kids.

MARY
Aren't ants quiet, too?

Lloyd realizes she has a point.

LLOYD
Uh...well, sure--but they aren't half as affectionate. And if you cut an ant's head off, it won't grow back.

MARY
I see.

LLOYD
And best of all, worm farming is a seventy-five-thousand-dollar-a-year industry. I wouldn't mind having a piece of that pie, if you know what I mean.

To her credit, she doesn't. They continue driving. Mary looks at her watch and crosses her legs. Lloyd can see that she's concerned about something.

LLOYD (CONT.)
What's the matter? Little tense about the flight?

MARY
(beat)
Something like that.

Lloyd SWIVELS AROUND and STARES over his shoulder at her.

LLOYD
It's really nothing to worry about, Mary. Statistically, they say you're more likely to get killed on the way to the airport. You know, like in a head-on crash, or something.

MARY
Um, Lloyd, could please keep your eyes on the road.

LLOYD
Good thinking. There's a lot of bad drivers out there.

(CONTINUED)

Lloyd turns back to the steering wheel.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. AIRPORT - DAY 13

Lloyd is putting the last bags on a cart. He closes the trunk and turns to Mary. She looks nervous and disconcerted as she reaches into her purse. She pulls out a ten-dollar tip.

MARY
Here you go.

LLOYD
I'm sorry, Mary, but I can't accept this, not after what we've been through.

Mary Swanson is confused and a little amused, and she offers a slight smile.

LLOYD (CONT.)
Now come here, you, give us a great big hug.

Lloyd opens her arms to her and before she can step away he embraces her tightly. Mary's smile fades fast.

LLOYD (CONT.)
Now I want you to relax on that plane, Mary. Just get trashed and pass out. You'll be there before you know it.

As he releases her, she steps back, numb.

MARY
Uh, thanks, Lloyd.
(beat)
And good luck with your worms.

Then she PICKS UP HER BRIEFCASE and walks into the terminal, followed by a PORTER pushing her bags. Lloyd watches her, ENCHANTED, until she's out of sight. Afterwards, he climbs back into the limo, LOVESICK. For a moment he doesn't even have the energy to turn the key. He just drops his head against the steering wheel, DEVASTATED. There's a TAP on the window. Lloyd looks up to see a POLICE OFFICER standing there.

POLICE OFFICER
Come on, move it, you're in a red zone.

Lloyd starts the limo and pulls away.

CUT TO:

14 INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY 14

Mary looks tense as she moves through the throngs of travelers. Her pace is slow, deliberate, and her eyes are focused straight ahead.

She passes a row of phone booths and two MEN--one dressed in an ARMANI SUIT, the other in a PLAID SPORTCOAT--watch her.

ARMANI SUIT
She's gonna leave the briefcase at the foot of the escalator. You make the pick-up.

PLAID SPORTCOAT
Piece of cake.

15 EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY 15

As Lloyd pulls his limo slowly away, he glances in the airport window and SEES MARY WALKING ALONG.

When she stops at the foot of the escalator, Lloyd stops, too. Trying to get her attention he BEEPS HIS HORN and waves. As he does so he accidentally bumps into the parked car in front of him, INFLATING THE LIMO'S PROTECTIVE AIRBAG.

16 INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS 16

MARY'S POV - The inflated airbag has squished Lloyd's face up against the window. He smiles sheepishly and waves.

Mary gives an unenthusiastic wave back. She puts down the briefcase and checks her coat pocket for her ticket.

17 INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS 17

The embarrassed Lloyd's attention is distracted by a HONK. He turns to see a car directly behind him.

LLOYD
(to car's driver)
Drive around me, you pinhead!

When he turns back to watch Mary in the terminal he sees that SHE'S GONE, and she's LEFT HER BRIEFCASE AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS. Lloyd jumps to ATTENTION.

He pulls the car into a HANDICAPPED SPOT and hops out. He starts to run into the terminal, then notices the Police Officer and suddenly goes into a spastic walk, limping and dragging his leg behind him like a palsy victim.

18 INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS 18

The Armani Man nods to the Plaid Sportcoat and he starts to approach the briefcase. Just as the Plaid Sportcoat is reaching for the handle, LLOYD RUNS BY AND GRABS IT. He CONTINUES UP THE ESCALATOR three steps at a time. The two men look at each other, dumbstruck.

19 INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL 19

Lloyd runs with the briefcase to the TV monitors that post the departure times.

He looks frantically at the confusion of numbers.

LLOYD
Damn!

20 INT. AIRPORT BOARDING GATE 20

QUICK CUT of a dejected Lloyd looking out the window as he watches an Mary's airplane taxiing away.

21 EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY 21

Lloyd comes out with the briefcase, passing the two men, who FOLLOW HIM AT A DISTANCE. He starts walking down the sidewalk when suddenly he STOPS IN HIS TRACKS.

HIS POV - his limo is being towed away--under the supervision of the Police Officer.

He takes off after it, but to no avail.

LLOYD
You can't do this! I'll lose my job!

As Lloyd watches the limo get towed out of sight, he runs his fingers through his hair.

CUT TO:

22 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - AFTERNOON 22

We see the Mutt Cutts van pull up and park at the curb. A dejected Harry climbs out. At the same time, a taxi pulls up and drops off Lloyd. (He's clutching Mary Swanson's briefcase.) Both he and Harry climb the steps of the building. They disappear inside without acknowledging each other.

23 EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON 23

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET - a black Cadillac pulls up and parks. Inside are the Armani suit and the Sportcoat. They are J.P. SHAY and JOSEPH MENTALINO (aka JOE MENTAL).

MENTAL
Who the hell do you figure this guy's working for?

SHAY
I don't know, but we'd better find out...

Mental takes out some PILLS and starts CHOMPING on them.

SHAY (CONT.)
Your ulcer?

MENTAL
It ain't gonna kill me.

24 INT. APARTMENT CORRIDOR 24

Lloyd and Harry trudge up the stairs and proceed silently toward the door of their apartment.

25 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM 25

Lloyd and Harry ENTER and pass each other quietly as they both plunk down in their favorite easy chairs. (Lloyd still has the briefcase on his lap.) Harry's caged parakeet, PETEY, tweets hello, but the two guys just sit there SILENTLY.

The place is a mess. Wallpaper's peeling off the walls. The carpet is threadbare and filthy. In the corner we see a miniature WORM FARM and a large terrarium filled with dirt and worms. There are a couple pieces of haggard furniture with stuffing spilling out of the gashes.

HARRY
I got fired again.

Lloyd shakes his head.

LLOYD
I don't mean to be harsh, Harry, but let's face it, you are one pathetic loser. No offense.

HARRY
None taken. Were you shitcanned, too?

(CONTINUED)

LLOYD
Of course not.
(beat)
I quit.

HARRY
Why'd you quit?

LLOYD
I had a hunch Arnie was gonna fire me.

HARRY
Why didn't you just wait and see if your suspicions were well-founded?

LLOYD
Winners control their own destiny, Har.

Lloyd fetches a couple beers from the fridge and throws one to Harry.

HARRY
You know, the thing that really chaps my ass is that I just spent my life savings turning my van into a dalmation.
(beat)
The alarm alone cost me two hundred.

LLOYD
Big deal. That car's an old bomb anyway.

HARRY
What are you talking about? It's only six years old.

LLOYD
That's forty-two in dog years.

They open their beers and drink simultaneously. Then Harry notices the briefcase.

HARRY
What's with the briefcase?

LLOYD
It's a love memento.

HARRY
Huh?

(CONTINUED)

LLOYD
The most beautiful woman alive. Her name was Mary. I drove her to the airport. Sparks flew, emotions ran high, breasts heaved. She left this case in the terminal and flew to Aspen and out of my life. End of story.

HARRY
What's in it?

LLOYD
Do you really expect me to go snooping around in someone else's private property?

HARRY
Why not?

LLOYD
(beat)
It's locked.

They take another sip of their beers. Suddenly we hear a LOUD KNOCK at the door. Petey the parakeet starts to SQUAWK. The guys look at each other, ALARMED, then Harry tip-toes to the PEEPHOLE.

26 INT. APARTMENT DOOR 26

HARRY'S POV - a DISTORTED-LOOKING J.P. Shay and Joe Mental are standing at the door.

27 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM 27

LLOYD
(WHISPERING to Harry)
Friend or foe?

HARRY
(WHISPERING)
We don't have any friends.

Harry is still squinting out the peephole.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY
Can't recognize them. Could be student loan thugs again, or the IRS, or maybe somebody pissed off about that case of Girl Scout cookies you bounced a check on.

LLOYD
Hey, I ordered Mystic Mint. The little swindlers gave me Peanut Butter Praline.

HARRY
Well, whoever they are, they look serious. One of them's even wearing plaid.

LLOYD
(cringing)
That's a hostile pattern. I say we bail and get down to unemployment.

Lloyd GRABS THE BRIEFCASE and the two of them EXIT out the window and down the fire escape.

CUT TO:

28 EXT. UNEMPLOYMENT OFFICE - AFTERNOON 28

The Mutt Cutts van pulls up in front of the building and PARKS NEXT TO A FIRE HYDRANT. Lloyd and Harry climb out. Lloyd takes a trash can and places it over the hydrant, covering it completely.

HARRY
I don't know what good this is going to do, Lloyd. Our unemployment counselor hates our fucking guts.

LLOYD
What makes you say that?

HARRY
He spelled it out for us last month in big bold letters: 'Harry and Lloyd, I hate your fucking guts.'

LLOYD
Hey, sometimes people say things they don't mean.

HARRY
In skywriting?

29 INT. STANLEY GRABNER'S OFFICE (UNEMPLOYMENT) - AFTERNOON 29

STANLEY GRABNER is small, plump, balding, not a lot of laughs.

GRABNER
Gentlemen, I'm delighted to say that neither I nor the unemployment department of the state of Rhode Island can do anything more for you.
(beat)
You've run out of chances. You're unemployable. Remember last year? Middle of winter I busted my butt to get you both prime jobs. Twelve fifty an hour, and you went and blew it!

LLOYD
Blew it? For your information, we only missed three days in two months.

HARRY
Yeah, and that was because of a blizzard.

GRABNER
(exploding)
YOU WERE SNOW PLOW OPERATORS!

Grabner falls back in his chair, exhausted.

HARRY
Come on, Stan. I'm sure you can find something else for us. How about another crack at that Suicide Hotline?

Grabner jumps up.

GRABNER
OUT!!!!!

CUT TO:

30 INT. HARRY & LLOYD'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON 30

J.P. Shay is looking through Harry and Lloyd's kitchen cupboards as Joe Mental comes out of the bedroom.

MENTAL
The briefcase ain't here. He must've taken it with him.

(CONTINUED)

J.P. SHAY
Shit.
(beat)
Well he's gotta come home sometime.

Joe Mental ominously approaches Petey the parakeet's cage.

MENTAL
Maybe we should leave him a little message to let 'em know we're playing hardball.

Mental opens the cage door and wraps his meaty fist around the bird, who SCREECHES IN TERROR.

MENTAL (CONT.)
(a la Tweety Bird)
I taut I taw a puddy cat.

Mental smiles, and as we PAN to J.P. Shay, we hear a bone-chilling O.S. SNAP and Petey the bird stops SQUAWKING.

MENTAL (CONT.)
(still Tweety)
I did, I did...

DISSOLVE TO:

31 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT 31

The Mutt Cutts van pulls up to the curb. A depressed Lloyd and Harry climb out and mope up to their apartment building entrance.

LLOYD
Give me what's left of our dough. I'll go to the corner and buy a few necessities.

Harry hands his friend some crumpled bills.

LLOYD (CONT.)
What's cheaper, Thunderbird or Night Train?

HARRY
Get Robitussin--it's a better buzz.

CUT TO:

32 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 32

Lloyd is walking with his arms full of groceries. He stops at a newspaper machine, pulls out his WALLET and removes a quarter.

He drops the quarter in the machine, opens it, and realizes that he DOESN'T HAVE A FREE HAND to pick up the newspaper.

He puts his wallet inside the machine, picks up the newspaper, and as he does so THE MACHINE SLAMS SHUT WITH HIS WALLET STILL INSIDE.

Lloyd SIGHS, puts his grocery bags on the machine, and checks his pockets. NO MORE CHANGE. Just then, an ELDERLY WOMAN struggles by using a WALKER.

LLOYD
Excuse me, little old lady, do you have change for a dollar?

ELDERLY WOMAN
Change? No, I'm sorry, I don't.

LLOYD
Well could you do me a favor and guard this while I go break a dollar? My wallet's locked in the machine.

ELDERLY LADY
Of course, young man...

Lloyd runs back around the corner. We HOLD ON THE CORNER as Lloyd RE-APPEARS a few seconds later with a handful of quarters. Suddenly he stops in his tracks. THE ELDERLY LADY, HER WALKER, AND HIS GROCERIES ARE GONE. As he takes a closer look, he sees that SHE HAS TAKEN HIS WALLET ALSO.

CUT TO:

33 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING STAIRWELL - NIGHT 33

A thoroughly beleaguered Lloyd is trudging empty-handed up the steps to his apartment.

34 INT. LLOYD & HARRY'S APARTMENT 34

The door opens and Lloyd ENTERS. Harry is sitting on the couch, looking almost comatose.

HARRY
Where's the booze?

(CONTINUED)

LLOYD
It's gone. I got robbed by Grandma Walton. She got my wallet, too.

Harry drops his head and lets out a MOAN.

LLOYD (CONT.)
Come on, man, cheer up. We've been down before. I'm sure we'll land on our heads somewhere.

HARRY
It gets worse, Lloyd. My parakeet Petey--he's...he's dead.

Lloyd looks touched by this.

LLOYD
Oh man, I'm sorry, Harry. What happened?

HARRY
His head fell off.

LLOYD
His <u>head</u> fell off?

HARRY
Yeah, he was pretty old.

Lloyd puts his hand on Harry's shoulder compassionately.

LLOYD
(hopeful)
I don't suppose he had a warranty...?

HARRY
Nah, I bought him used.

As Lloyd thinks about the unfairness of life, he grows upset.

LLOYD
That's it! I've had it with this dump! We don't have food, we don't have jobs, our pets' heads are falling off, we're surrounded by roving gangs of larcenous old ladies...

HARRY
Okay, calm down.

LLOYD
No I won't calm down.

Lloyd flops down in a chair.

LLOYD (CONT.)
What the hell are we doing here anyway, Harry? We've got to get out of this town.

HARRY
Yeah, and go where?

LLOYD
I'll tell you where: someplace warm, a place where the beer flows like wine, where beautiful women instinctively flock like the salmon of Capistrano.
(dramatic PAUSE)
I'm talking about Aspen.

HARRY
(confused)
Aspen?

LLOYD
That's right, Aspen.

HARRY
I don't know, Lloyd, the French are assholes.

LLOYD
Let me ask you something: do you want to end up like Petey--dead in some flea-ridden apartment, face- down on a Dear Abby column, with a soggy sunflower seed pressed against your beak? Or do you want to enjoy your life?
(beat)
Come on, Harry, don't let Petey's death be in vain. Don't you see what he was saying? Spread your wings, man. Fly.

HARRY
(confused)
What are you talking about, Lloyd? His head fell off.
(dawning realization)
Wait a second, I know what you're up to. You just wanna go to Aspen so you can find that girl who lost her briefcase--and you need me to drive you there.

(CONTINUED)

LLOYD
That's bullshit. I'll drive.
(beat)
And what's so wrong about going someplace where we know someone who can plug us into the social pipeline?

HARRY
(torn)
I don't know, Lloyd. I think we should stay here, hunt for jobs, and keep saving money for the worm store. I'm getting a little sick and tired of always running from creditors.

Lloyd moves to the window and looks out at the gray, wintry city-scape.

LLOYD
You know what I'm sick and tired of, Harry? I'm sick and tired of having to eek my way through life. I'm sick and tired of being a nobody.
(beat)
But most of all, I'm sick and tired of having nobody.

There's a deadly SILENCE as they both think about this. Then Harry tries to lighten the mood. He opens his arms wide.

HARRY
Come on, Lloyd. Give us a kiss.

LLOYD
On the other hand, maybe you're right, Harry. Maybe we should stay here and try our luck in bankruptcy court. With all those lawsuits against us, I'm sure we'll win at least one. It could be a boost to our egos.

Harry sees that Lloyd has a point. He stands and approaches Petey's cage. His eyes fill with tears.

HARRY
(emotional)
Petey, I made a promise to you once, man...
(thinking hard)
...and I'll be damned if I can remember what it was.

CUT TO:

35 EXT. HIGHWAY - PROVIDENCE - DAY 35

The Mutt Cutts van is going down the highway while Danny Wilson's 'Mary's Prayer' plays on the soundtrack. The van drives past and we HOLD ON a sign that reads: 'YOU ARE LEAVING PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND. COME BACK SOON.' VARIOUS OTHER AERIAL SHOTS of the car travelling down the road while the song continues to play.

36 INT. MUTT CUTTS VAN - DAY 36

Harry's behind the wheel and Lloyd's in the passenger seat. The Animal's "We've Got To Get Out Of This Place" is BLASTING on the radio and the guys are SINGING ALONG:

LLOYD & HARRY
"We've got to get out of this place, If it's the last thing we ever do, We've got to get out of this place, Girl, there's a better life, for me and you..."

Lloyd turns down the radio.

LLOYD
Well, we're finally doing it. Do you realize that in all the years we've known each other, this is the first time we've done this together.

HARRY
Been run out of town?

LLOYD
Taken a trip.

Harry reaches over and UNDOES HIS SEATBELT. Lloyd watches, curious.

LLOYD (CONT.)
Why'd you do that?

HARRY
What?

LLOYD
Take your seatbelt off.

HARRY
Because we just cleared the danger zone.

LLOYD
Huh?

(CONTINUED)

HARRY
Don't you know anything, Lloyd? Ninety percent of all accidents happen within five miles of home. We've already traveled 6.3 miles.

Lloyd thinks about this. Then:

LLOYD
Well what about the people who live around here? What if we get into an accident with one of them?

Harry considers this, then sheepishly puts his seatbelt back on. Lloyd opens a bag of Doritos and fiddles with the radio.

HARRY
Where'd you get those?

LLOYD
Bought 'em when we filled up.

HARRY
Lloyd, I thought we agreed to confer on all expenditures. We're on a tight budget, remember?

LLOYD
This didn't come out of our travel fund. I was able to scrape up twenty-five extra bucks before we left. You know, so we could live in style.

HARRY
Where'd <u>you</u> get twenty-five extra bucks?

LLOYD
I sold some stuff to Billy in 4-C.

HARRY
You mean the blind kid?

LLOYD
That's right.

Lloyd looks out the window guiltily.

HARRY
What did you sell him, Lloyd?

(CONTINUED)

LLOYD
Just some odds and ends.

HARRY
Specifically?

LLOYD
Oh, a few baseball cards, a sack of marbles, Petey, three comic books--

HARRY
--Wait a second, are you telling me you sold my dead bird to a blind kid?

LLOYD
Well who else was I gonna sell it to?

HARRY
But Lloyd, Petey didn't even have a head.

LLOYD
Put your mind at ease, friend. I took care of it.

CUT TO:

37 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 37

At the bottom of the stairs leading up to the building is a little blind boy, BILLY. He sits in a wheelchair playing with a PARAKEET WHOSE HEAD IS SCOTCH-TAPED ON. He throws the dead bird up, but it flops into his lap.

BILLY
Fly!

Joe Mental and J.P. Shay approach and climb the steps.

CUT TO:

38 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 38

CLOSE ON A NOTE - taped to Harry and Lloyd's apartment door. It reads: TO ALL OUR LOVED ONES - PACKED UP AND DROVE TO ASPEN - HAVE A NICE LIFE - LLOYD AND HARRY.

PULLBACK to reveal Joe Mental and J.P. Shay.

MENTAL
Those bastards. They're rubbing it right in our faces.

(CONTINUED)

J.P. SHAY
Shit! Andre will have a goddamn aneurysm if we don't get that briefcase back.

MENTAL
Don't worry, we'll get it back. And I'll tell you something else. They ain't gonna reach Aspen, either. I'll make sure of that.

Mental takes out more ANTACID PILLS and starts to chew on them.

39 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 39

A pissed-off Shay and Mental EXIT the building. Mental pops more antacid pills into his mouth as they descend the stairs. Little Billy is still tossing the lifeless parakeet into the air.

BILLY
Come on, boy, fly!

Plop. Then Billy hears Shay and Mental on the steps and CALLS OUT:

BILLY (CONT.)
Excuse me, mister. Is there something wrong with my bird?

Mental picks up the bird, studies it, then angrily WINGS IT DOWN THE STREET as hard as he can.

MENTAL
Don't worry, Ironside, he just flew south for the winter.

CUT TO:

40 INT. MUTT CUTTS VAN - PENNSYLVANIA - AFTERNOON 40

Harry is still driving while Lloyd studies a map spread out before him.

HARRY
How far have we gone?

(CONTINUED)

LLOYD
According to this map, about an inch and a half.

HARRY
How much farther do we have to go?

LLOYD
About a foot.

HARRY
Shit. We're gonna need a smaller map or we'll never get there. We don't have enough gas money.

LLOYD
Relax. We have more than enough.

HARRY
I believe you're wrong, Lloyd.

LLOYD
And I believe I'm right, Harry.

HARRY
I still say wrong, Lloyd.

LLOYD
How much you wanna bet?

HARRY
I don't bet.

Lloyd looks at his friend, incredulous.

LLOYD
What do you mean you don't bet?

HARRY
I mean I don't gamble, you know that. Never have and never will.

LLOYD
Oh, bull. I'll bet you our next meal that I can get you gambling before the day's out.

HARRY
There's no way, Lloyd. You can't do it.

LLOYD
I'll give you three-to-one odds. That's three feedbags if you win, against only one if you lose.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY
You're wasting your money, Lloyd. I already told you, I don't gamble.

LLOYD
Okay, five-to-one I can get you gambling before the day's out.

HARRY
Sorry, pal, no way.

LLOYD
Make it ten-to-one.

Harry sticks out his hand.

HARRY
You got yourself a bet, sucker!

As Harry SHAKES LLOYD'S HAND, Lloyd breaks into a BIG SMILE. Harry immediately realizes he's been had.

CUT TO:

41 EXT. TRUCK STOP CAFE - PENNSYLVANIA - AFTERNOON 41

The Mutt Cutt van is sandwiched between mountainous tractor-trailer trucks.

42 INT. TRUCK STOP CAFE 42

Lloyd and Harry are sitting at a booth, surrounded by tables of tough-looking TRUCKERS. Harry doesn't look happy. A middle- aged, no-nonsense WAITRESS approaches their table with a couple burgers and drinks. She puts them down in front of the boys and starts to walk away.

LLOYD
(to Waitress)
Uh, excuse me...

The Waitress reluctantly returns to the table.

LLOYD (CONT.)
What's the soup du jour?

WAITRESS
It's the soup-of-the-day.

(CONTINUED)

LLOYD
Sounds tasty. I'll have a bowl.

WAITRESS
(sarcastic)
Anything else before I leave the area?

HARRY
Actually, this chocolate milk isn't mixed very well. Could you please bring me a spoon?

The Waitress SIGHS and picks up the milk. Then she BLOWS INTO THE STRAW, MIXING THE DRINK.

WAITRESS
There. Now you don't need one.

The guys watch her stomp away.

LLOYD
Feels good to mingle with these laid-back country-folk, don't it, Harry?

Harry wipes off his straw with a napkin. As he moves to put it in the ash tray, he accidentally KNOCKS OVER THE SALT SHAKER.

LLOYD (CONT.)
Uh-oh...

HARRY
What's the matter?

LLOYD
You spilled the salt. That's bad luck. We're driving across the country and the last thing we need is bad luck. Quick, toss a handful of salt over your right shoulder.

HARRY
What for?

LLOYD
Because that's <u>good</u> luck.

Harry shrugs, shakes some salt into his palm, and flings it over his shoulder. Suddenly they hear a YELP.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
What the fuck?!

LLOYD
Or was it the left shoulder?

They turn and see a burly TRUCKER wiping salt out of his eyes.

TRUCKER
Who's the deadman threw shit in my eye?

The huge Trucker stands and squints at Lloyd and Harry. He's wearing a FOAM BASEBALL CAP that says: WINE 'EM, DINE 'EM, SIXTY-NINE 'EM.

HARRY
It was a terrible accident, Sir. Believe me, I would never do anything to offend a man of your size. Please accept my most sincere apology.

The Trucker GROWLS and approaches the table, egged on by his equally burly FRIENDS.

BURLY FRIEND #1
Teach him a lesson, Sea Bass!

Sea Bass glares down at Harry's hamburger.

SEA BASS
You gonna eat that?

HARRY
Um...the thought had crossed my mind.

At this, Sea Bass leans over and DROPS A BIG, BROWN WAD OF TOBACCO SPIT ONTO THE HAMBURGER.

SEA BASS
Still want it?

Harry stares at the burger noncommitally.

HARRY
Nah, you go ahead.

Sea Bass picks up the burger and walks back to his table, to the LAUGHTER of his friends.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. TRUCK STOP CAFE - PENNSYLVANIA - AFTERNOON 43

J.P. Shay is at the gas pump filling the black Cadillac while Joe Mental stretches his legs. A large truck pulls away, REVEALING THE PREVIOUSLY-HIDDEN MUTT CUTTS VAN. Mental smiles at this, and we

CUT TO:

44 INT. TRUCK STOP CAFE 44

The Waitress drops the check on Lloyd and Harry's table and STOMPS away. Harry studies the bill and SIGHS.

HARRY
Perfect. I'm out eight bucks and I still haven't eaten.

LLOYD
Well if you'd stop picking fights with the locals...
(brightening)
Wait a second. I think I just had an idea. Follow me...

Lloyd stands and walks over to Sea Bass and his pals. A nervous Harry trails after him.

LLOYD (CONT.)
Excuse me, gentlemen, I'd just like to apologize for that unpleasant scene a little earlier.

SEA BASS
Huh?

LLOYD
What I'm trying to say is, my friend and I would like to buy you guys a round of beers, just to bury the hatchet.

Harry stares at Lloyd like he's out of his mind, but the Truckers seem to like the idea.

SEA BASS
Make it four boiler-makers.

LLOYD
Whatever you want, sir. I'll have the waitress send them over. Oh, and fellas--hope to see you again down the road.

(CONTINUED)

Lloyd and Harry move away from the table toward the CASHIER.

HARRY
Lloyd, what are you doing? You know we can't afford to buy them drinks.

Lloyd hands the Cashier their check.

LLOYD
Um, Sea Bass and the fellas offered to pick up our check. They said just to add this to their tab.

CASHIER
(skeptical)
Sea Bass said that?

LLOYD
Well, if that guy at the table over there is Sea Bass...

He points across the room to Sea Bass and company. Sea Bass NODS TO THE CASHIER AND GESTURES TO HIS TABLE, NOT WANTING TO MISS OUT ON HIS FREE DRINK. The Cashier is convinced.

CASHIER
Okey-dokey, if that's what he wants...

Harry smiles at this. He grabs a couple Beef Jerkys, a candy bar, and a copy of The National Enquirer off the counter.

HARRY
Oh, and put these on there, too.

CASHIER
You got it.

LLOYD
(to Cashier)
By the way, how far is it to Rhode Island from here?

CUT TO:

45 EXT. TRUCK STOP CAFE - AFTERNOON 45

The front door BURSTS OPEN and a red-faced Sea Bass STORMS OUT, followed by his buddies, the Cashier, and the Waitress.

SEA BASS
I'm gonna kill those sons-of-bitches!

CUT TO:

46 EXT. HIGHWAY - PENNSYLVANIA - AFTERNOON 46

The Mutt Cutts van breezes by.

47 INT. MUTT CUTTS VAN - AFTERNOON 47

A jubilant Harry's driving and chewing on a mouthful of Beef Jerky.

HARRY
That was genius, Lloyd, sheer genius. Where'd you ever come up with a scam like that?

LLOYD
Saw it in a movie.

HARRY
Incredible.

LLOYD
I just wish we could've seen Sea Bass's face when he got the bill.

HARRY
I hope we never have to.

LLOYD
Don't worry. That fish-head is probably halfway to Providence by now.

Harry and Lloyd share a laugh.

HARRY
Saw it in a movie...
(CHUCKLES)
So what happened? The guy tricks some sucker into picking up his tab and he gets away with it scot-free?

LLOYD
Um, well, actually, in the movie the guy didn't get away with it. He just got about a mile down the road before the other guy caught him and slit his throat from ear to ear.

HARRY
Huh.

Harry and Lloyd think about this for a moment, then look at each other.

BOOM! Just then the Mutt Cutts van is slammed from behind.

48 INT. MUTT CUTTS VAN - AFTERNOON 48

SIDEVIEW MIRROR POV - there's a big-rig right on their tail (literally), with a furious Sea Bass at the wheel.

HARRY
Uh-oh. We're in big trouble, Lloyd. Any suggestions?

LLOYD
Yeah. Quick! Do a three-sixty!

Harry turns the wheel hard. The boys are thrown against each other as the car spins with a defeaning SQUEAL OF RUBBER. Finally, Harry regains control and continues racing down the highway, the two of them breathing a SIGH OF RELIEF.

SIDEVIEW MIRROR POV - Sea Bass is still on their tail.

LLOYD
Shit. I meant a one-eighty.

Harry runs his fingers through his hair.

HARRY
(to car)
Okay, girl, we're gonna try and outrun this bastard. Gimme all you got, sweetheart...

Harry jams his foot down on the accelerator. The guys rocket back in their seats.

CUT TO:

49 EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS 49

The Mutt Cutts van races by the camera, and a moment later Sea Bass's big-rig follows.

50 INT. MUTT CUTTS VAN - CONTINUOUS 50

Harry's checking the side-view mirror nervously.

HARRY
It's working. He's starting to fall back.

LLOYD
(pained)
Harry, you're going to kill me but...I gotta take a leak. Is there any way we can pull over?

(CONTINUED)

HARRY
(sarcastic)
Oh, sure. We got a hundred yards on him. That oughta give you plenty of time.

LLOYD
Thanks. Promise I'll be quick.

HARRY
Are you crazy? I'm not pulling over now.

LLOYD
But I gotta go. What am I supposed to do?

HARRY
Hold it.

LLOYD
I can't hold it. I'm about to explode.

HARRY
Well...just whiz in an empty beer bottle. There's a couple on the floor in the back.

Lloyd SIGHS. He takes an EMPTY BEER BOTTLE from the back seat and UNZIPS his fly. Suddenly we hear a PEEING SOUND. Then:

LLOYD
Uh-oh...

HARRY
What's the matter?

LLOYD
The bottle's almost full and I'm still going.

HARRY
Well stop going.

LLOYD
I can't stop once I already started, you know that. Quick, get me another bottle.

Harry can BARELY HOLD THE STEERING WHEEL as he reaches way in the back seat for an empty.

(CONTINUED)

LLOYD (CONT.)
Jesus, be careful! You almost went off the road.

HARRY
Hey, Lloyd, I'm going a hundred and thirty miles an hour. I'm doing the best I can.

He hands Lloyd another empty and Lloyd quickly makes the switch.

LLOYD
Here, hold this.

Before Harry knows it he's holding the full BOTTLE OF URINE.

51 EXT. HIGHWAY - PENNSYLVANIA - CONTINUOUS 51

We hold on a STATE TROOPER on a motorcycle hidden in the bushes. Suddenly the Mutt Cutts van rockets past him. The Trooper takes off after them.

52 INT. MUTT CUTTS VAN - CONTINUOUS 52

Harry is doing his best to steer while now holding <u>FIVE FULL BOTTLES</u> and Lloyd is still going at in the passenger seat.

HARRY
What are you, a goddam camel?

LLOYD
Hey, running for my life makes me nervous, what can I tell you.

That's when they hear an O.S. SIREN.

LLOYD (CONT.)
I think you better slow down, Harry.

The Mutt Cutts van has slowed down enough for the Trooper to pull up beside it.

STATE TROOPER
Pull over!

Harry rolls down his window and CALLS OUT:

HARRY
Huh?

STATE TROOPER
PULL OVER!

(CONTINUED)

Harry glances down at the sweater he's wearing, then back at the Trooper.

HARRY
(CALLING OUT)
No, it's a cardigan! But thanks for noticing!

He rolls his window back up and turns to an equally baffled Lloyd.

HARRY (CONT.)
Jesus, what is this, the fashion police?

The Cop turns on his SIREN.

STATE TROOPER
PULL YOUR CAR TO THE SIDE OF THE ROAD!

CUT TO:

53 EXT. HIGHWAY - PENNSYLVANIA - DAY 53

The STATE TROOPER is walking up beside the stopped Mutt Cutts van, staring at it with disapproval.

STATE TROOPER
License and registration, please.

Harry hands him the papers. Just then, Sea Bass drives by doing a cautious 65 mph. He HONKS his horn and waves. Harry and Lloyd feebly wave back.

STATE TROOPER (CONT.)
You know, you fellas were in a bit of a rush back there.

HARRY
Yes, sir, well, you see, that big truck that just went by--

LLOYD
--That guy's name is Sea Bass and he came driving up behind us real fast--

HARRY
--And we were certain he was going to slit our throats--

(CONTINUED)

LLOYD
--So we tried to outrun him.

STATE TROOPER
I see. Looked like he was going at least fifty-five when he went by here.
(beat)
Have you boys been doing a little drinking maybe?

HARRY
No, sir.

STATE TROOPER
Then what's that?

He points to the OPEN, FULL BEER BOTTLES hidden in the seat between them.

HARRY
Oh, that's nothing, sir.

STATE TROOPER
Do you know it's against the law to drive with an open alcohol container in this state?

LLOYD
But, your honor, he's telling the truth. It's not beer.

The officer smirks.

STATE TROOPER
Is that right?

The Trooper reaches in and picks up one of the bottles. He inspects the beer label, then MOVES THE BOTTLE TO HIS LIPS.

HARRY
Sir, I wouldn't--

STATE TROOPER
--You'd keep your mouth shut if you knew what was good for you.

LLOYD
(under breath)
You would, too...

(CONTINUED)

Harry shoots Lloyd a look as the Trooper begins GULPING down the piss. He pauses uncertainly and a SICK LOOK COMES OVER HIS FACE. He takes a DEEP BREATH. Then:

STATE TROOPER
(pained)
Get the hell out of here.

CUT TO:

54 SAME SCENE - MOMENTS LATER 54

The Mutt Cutts van is pulling back on to the highway while the officer remains in the breakdown lane with his hands on his knees.

CUT TO:

55 EXT. HIGHWAY - PENNSYLVANIA - NIGHT 55

The van is making steady progress through the dark night.

56 INT. MUTT CUT VAN - NIGHT 56

Lloyd is driving now while Harry sleeps in the passenger seat. The song, "Cut Flowers" by the Smithereens starts to play as Lloyd FANTASIZES about his future in Aspen.

DISSOLVE TO:

LLOYD'S FANTASY:

57 EXT. FANTASY CHALET - DAY 57

--Lloyd is walking up the steps of a luxurious, snow-covered chalet, carrying Mary's briefcase. The sky is absurdly blue and children are making a snowman on the lawn. It seems all out of a dream world, which, of course, it is. He KNOCKS on the door, tentative. Mary opens it. She looks at him, then at the briefcase, and breaks into the biggest, sweetest SMILE he's ever seen.

58 INT. SKI LODGE 58

-We're in a ski lodge. As a fire crackles in b.g., Lloyd is captivating a starry-eyed Mary and a throng of sweatered companions with an extremely animated anecdote. Everybody is convulsed with appreciative laughter. To top it off, Lloyd points at one guy's sweater and as the man looks down, Lloyd flicks him on the chin with his finger. The group doubles-over in amusement.

59 EXT. SKI JUMP 59

--We see a towering ski-jump with a skier poised at the top. He starts down the hill and hits the jump in perfect form.

60 EXT. SKI JUMP 60

CLOSE ON the skier reveals that it's Lloyd. He turns and winks in mid-flight at the love-struck Mary.

61 INT. FANCY RESTAURANT 61

--Lloyd and Mary are eating dinner at a fancy restaurant. We see the waiter discretely drop a pill into one of the champagne glasses. Lloyd and Mary each take a glass and prepare to toast. Then, without warning, Lloyd throws the poisoned drink into the waiter's face. The two begin a furious fight in which Lloyd displays his magnificent martial arts skills. At the end, the waiter's splintered bones are protruding from his body and Mary is more impressed with Lloyd than ever.

62 INT. FANTASY BEDROOM 62

--Lloyd and Mary are lying naked in bed, their bodies glistening with post-coital sweat.

LLOYD
In-credible...

MARY
Hey, you weren't so bad yourself.

LLOYD
Who do you think I was talking about?

She smiles seductively. As the CAMERA PANS DOWN toward Mary's breasts, we are surprised to see not breasts but a SET OF HEADLIGHTS SUPERIMPOSED OVER HER CHEST AREA. The headlights FLASH ONCE. Then TWICE.

ON LLOYD - he blinks, confused at what's happening.

63 EXT. HIGHWAY 63

JUMP CUT TO - an 18-wheeler is ROARING RIGHT TOWARD THE MUTT CUTTS VAN on the highway. Lloyd quickly veers back into his lane and avoids tragedy by a whisker. A shaken Lloyd lets out a SIGH OF RELIEF, and we

CUT TO:

64 EXT. SECOND HONEYMOON MOTEL - OHIO - NIGHT 64

The Mutt Cutts van is parked outside this seedy establishment. A neon sign blinks: GROUP DISCOUNTS - HAVE YOUR NEXT AFFAIR HERE.

HARRY
(v.o.)
I don't know, Lloyd, I feel a little sleazy staying here when we're not even engaged.

LLOYD
(v.o.) Hey, it's the only motel that charges by the hour. We can't afford anything else.

65 INT. BATHROOM - SECOND HONEYMOON MOTEL 65

Lloyd and Harry are sitting in a large, HEART-SHAPED JACUZZI. Lloyd is sipping a beer and Harry is absorbed in the Enquirer as the water swirls around them.

LLOYD
Yep, this sure is the life. Cold beer, a hot tub, and fuzzy pink sheets... You know, there's only one thing that could make this moment any better.

HARRY
What's that?

LLOYD
If you had a nice set of knockers.

HARRY
That's two things, Lloyd.

LLOYD
Right now I'd settle for one.

Lloyd takes a swig of beer. Harry puts down the paper and looks around at the romantic decor.

HARRY
I don't know, Lloyd, these places just don't do it for me. Brings back too many memories.

(CONTINUED)

LLOYD
What happened, Harry? Some little filly break your heart?

HARRY
Nah, it was a girl. Fraida Felcher. We stayed at a place like this once--the No-Tell Motel out on route 31.

LLOYD
Felcher? You mean the babe who worked for the tractor company?

Harry nods.

HARRY
The same. We had this incredibly romantic time. Boy, I thought we'd be together forever.
(SIGHS)
Then about a week later, right out of the blue, she sends me a John Deere letter.

LLOYD
That's cold, Har. Give you any reason?

HARRY
I called her up and she gave me some crap about me not listening to her enough or something like that. I wasn't really paying attention.

Harry reaches for a beer and busts it open. He takes a big gulp.

HARRY (CONT.)
Thing that really hurts is I think she was seeing another guy. Never did find out who.

ON LLOYD - he does his best to hide his GUILT.

CUT TO:

66 EXT. SECOND HONEYMOON MOTEL - OHIO - NIGHT 66

We see that the black Cadillac is parked a few cars over from the Mutt Cutts van with J.P. Shay in the passenger seat. PAN OVER to a payphone. Inside is Joe Mental. Outside the booth, an ANXIOUS MAN impatiently paces back and forth as he waits for the phone.

(CONTINUED)

MENTAL
(into phone)
The boys are holed-up in a little love nest for the night. I think they're a couple of fucking weirdos.

67 INT. NICHOLAS ANDRE'S STUDY - ASPEN - NIGHT 67

NICHOLAS ANDRE is pacing around the room with a cordless phone. He's in his late 30's, wears a ponytail, and dresses in Aspen/Rodeo Drive chic.

ANDRE
What in hell are these guys up to? Is it possible that they're feds?

68 INT. SECOND HONEYMOON MOTEL - NIGHT 68

INTERCUT CONVERSATION

MENTAL
Unlikely, from what I seen.

The ANXIOUS MAN taps on the phone booth and motions for Mental to hang up.

ANDRE
I don't like this one goddamn bit, Mental. You and Shay were supposed to grab that bag so we could end this shit. Now I don't know what the hell's going on.

Andre SIGHS and wipes some perspiration from his upper lip.

The Anxious Man KNOCKS on the booth again.

MENTAL
Hold on a second, Mr. Andre...

Mental puts the phone down and motions the Anxious Man closer to the booth. The Man moves forward a few inches. Mental motions him even closer. When he's about a foot away, Mental punches his hand through the glass of the booth and knocks the Anxious Man out cold. Then Mental picks up the phone again.

MENTAL (CONT.)
Sorry, boss. You were saying...?

ANDRE
Look, Mental, just find out what they're up to. I want to know who these guys are.

(CONTINUED)

MENTAL
Don't worry. I'm on it.

Mental hangs up the phone, looks around to make sure he's not being watched, then approaches the parked Mutt Cutt van. He's joined by J.P. Shay.

As they get within five feet of the vehicle, we hear a LOW GROWL. They stop in their tracks and turn, expecting to see a dog--but there isn't one. They both take another step forward, and the GROWL GETS LOUDER AND MEANER. Again, Mental and Shay stop. He peeks under the car. Nothing.

SHAY
What the fuck...?

Finally, Shay reaches for the door handle. As soon as he touches it, though, the car alarm goes off--but instead of a siren, it's the incredibly annoying sound of a POODLE YAPPING. Mental jumps back and pulls his gun.

MENTAL
Where's the goddam dog?

Shay shrugs, nervous. The YAPPING grows EVEN LOUDER now, forcing a flustered Shay and Mental to retreat from the scene.

DISSOLVE TO:

69 EXT. SWANSON CHALET - ASPEN - NIGHT 69

ESTABLISHING SHOT of a luxurious mountainside home.

70 INT. LIVING ROOM - SWANSON CHALET 70

An agitated Mary Swanson (the young woman who lost her briefcase) is pacing back and forth in an impressive, antique-filled living room. Seated on a couch are her father KARL and his much-younger second wife, HELEN.

MARY
It just doesn't make any sense. I left the money exactly where they instructed me to.

HELEN
Actually, it makes a great deal of sense, Mary. We should have called in the authorities the moment we knew Skippy had been kidnapped.

(CONTINUED)

KARL
Now, Helen, we've been through this already--

HELEN
--Oh, for Christ's sake, Karl, these bastard will extort us into bankruptcy if we let them.

MARY
But I'd never forgive myself if something happened to Skippy.

KARL
Stop upsetting my daughter, Helen. She's been through quite enough already.

MARY
It's not her fault, Daddy. We're all a little on edge.

Just then the living room door opens and the ponytailed Nicholas Andre ENTERS. He looks appropriately solemn.

ANDRE
Has there been any word, Mr. Swanson?

KARL
Nothing yet, Nicholas.

Andre looks upset.

ANDRE
Perhaps I should call off the Preservation benefit this weekend. It would be easy enough to re- schedule.

HELEN
No, Nicholas, it's imperative that we carry on as usual.

The atmosphere in the room couldn't be more somber. Karl Swanson holds his hand out to his daughter.

KARL
Don't worry, sweetheart. I'll do everything they ask. Nothing's going to happen to Skippy, I promise you.

MARY
Thank you, Daddy.

Karl Swanson looks out the window, concerned.

CUT TO:

71 EXT. MUTT CUTTS VAN - INDIANA - LATER THAT DAY 71

We hear The Zombie's 'Time of the Season' as the van flashes by.

72 INT. MUTT CUTTS VAN - DAY 72

HARRY
Refresh my memory on something, Lloyd: what exactly do we do when we get to Aspen?

LLOYD
Well the first thing we do is take a good deep breath of that famous Aspenese air.

HARRY
Fresh, huh?

LLOYD
The freshest. They say on any day of the week you can smell a moose- fart ten miles away.

HARRY
(sincere)
Wow...talk about paradise.
(beat)
And after we're finished breathing, what next, Lloyd?

LLOYD
Then we make a splash on the social scene.

Just then, Lloyd notices something up the road.

LLOYD (CONT.)
Harry, look--the golden arches. Pull over, I'm starving.

CUT TO:

73 EXT. MCDONALD'S - INDIANA - DAY 73

The Mutt Cutt car is at the drive-through window.

MCDONALD'S EMPLOYEE
...That's two cheeseburgers, two fries, and two medium Cokes. Five seventy-two.

(CONTINUED)

Harry hands a ten-dollar-bill to the Employee, who returns a handful of change.

HARRY
Thanks.

Then, before he can give them the bag of food, the guys absent- mindedly DRIVE OFF. As they pull out of the parking lot, the McDonald's Employee sticks his head out the window and WAVES THE BAG OF FOOD at them.

MCDONALD'S EMPLOYEE
Hey!

But the guys are already around the corner.

CUT TO:

74 EXT. HIGHWAY - ILLINOIS - DAY 74

The black Cadillac pulls over to the side of the road. Joe Mental gets out of the car and props the hood open. He takes out his gun, SLIDES IN A NEW CLIP, and puts it back in his pocket.

MENTAL
(to Shay)
Lie down on the front seat. After they pick me up I want you to follow us.

Then he folds his arms and the two killers wait for the van to come along.

CUT TO:

75 EXT. HIGHWAY - ILLINOIS - DAY 75

The Mutt Cutt van is on the road again, cruising along.

76 INT. MUTT CUTT VAN - DAY 76

HARRY
About this social scene--how do you expect a couple mutts like us to make a splash in the land of pedigrees when we don't even have any money?

LLOYD
Look, once we drop the briefcase off to Mary, she'll be so grateful she'll plug us right into the party circuit.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LLOYD (cont'd)
After that, we do a little of the ski scene, hob-nob with the elbow-rubbers, and walk out of there in the spring with enough business connections to open a first-class worm operation. You see, you don't get rich working, Harry. You get rich knowing the rich.

HARRY
Where'd you hear that?

LLOYD
Some bum down at unemployment.

Harry thinks seriously about this.

HARRY
I don't know, Lloyd.

LLOYD
What's the matter?

HARRY
Money does terrible things to people. I mean, we could lose our friendship.

Lloyd thinks about this.

LLOYD
Yeah? So?

Harry nods and looks out the window. Suddenly SOMETHING DAWNS ON LLOYD.

LLOYD (CONT.)
Hey, wait a second. Hold everything.

HARRY
What?

LLOYD
Aren't you forgetting something?

Harry thinks about this.

LLOYD (CONT.)
Back at Mickey D's? A little matter you might've overlooked...?

Harry wracks his brain, but to no avail.

HARRY
What?

Lloyd rolls his eyes.

LLOYD
My change.

As a sheepish Harry gives Lloyd his change, they notice something up ahead.

77 HARRY & LLOYD'S POV 77

on the side of the road, JOE MENTAL IS WAVING THEM DOWN AGAIN.

78 INT. MUTT CUTT VAN - DAY 78

HARRY
I think this guy's in trouble. Why don't you pull over.

Lloyd looks at Harry. Harry remembers that he's driving. He pulls the car to the side of the road. Mental approaches the passenger window.

MENTAL
You guys going as far as Davenport? My car died and I'm late for a business meeting.

CUT TO:

79 INT. MUTT CUTTS VAN - DAY 79

They're back on the highway and Joe Mental is SITTING BETWEEN THEM, looking extremely ANNOYED. Lloyd reaches across Joe Mental and taps Harry's shoulder.

LLOYD
You're it.

Harry reaches over and taps Lloyd back.

HARRY
You're it.

Lloyd immediately taps Harry.

LLOYD
You're it. Quitsies.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY
(tapping him back)
Anti-quitsies. You're it. Quitsies. No anti-quitsies. No startsies.

Lloyd shakes his head, defeated.

LLOYD
Damn, you're good, Harry.

Mental grits his teeth as he pops a few antacid pills in his mouth. He reaches into his coat pocket and we see a GLINT OF STEEL. Just when he's about to pull the gun out, though,

80 EXT. HIGHWAY - ILLINOIS - DAY 80

Lloyd hits the breaks and SKIDS to a stop beside a bunch of hitchhiking MIGRANT WORKERS.

DISSOLVE TO:

81 INT. MUTT CUTTS VAN - LATER 81

The trio have picked up SIX MIGRANT WORKERS and everyone is crammed into the car--including a CRYING BABY who sits on a pissed-off Mental's lap. Someone's playing a FLAMENCO GUITAR and the gang is SINGING a SPANISH SONG.

DISSOLVE TO:

82 INT. MUTT CUTTS VAN - LATER STILL 82

The Migrant family is gone now. Harry and Lloyd are playing a game while Mental stares straight ahead, furious. His eyes are watering and he looks ill.

LLOYD
Okay, Harry, my turn. Let 'er rip.

Harry lifts a cheek and lets out a LOUD FART. Lloyd SNIFFS a few times, then closes his eyes and WAFTS it up toward his nostrils, as if it was the aroma of a fine wine.

LLOYD (CONT.)
Hmmm...full-bodied, delicate bouquet, aged to perfection--

HARRY
--I will rip no fart before it's time.
(beat)
Come on, Marquis of Dingleberry's rules: you got ten seconds.

(CONTINUED)

LLOYD
All right. I'll say: cheese doodles, chili dog--extra onions, garden salad with bleu...

HARRY
And...?

LLOYD
Kit Kat bar.

Harry throws up his arms, defeated. He hands Lloyd a buck.

HARRY
You're the best, man.
(beat)
Okay, my turn.

LLOYD
Where are your manners, Harry? We have a guest.

Harry punches Mental's shoulder playfully.

HARRY
Come on, Mr. Mentalino. Let one fly. It's only a buck.

DISSOLVE TO:

83 EXT. DANTE'S INFERNO CAFE - ILLINOIS - AFTERNOON 83

A roadsign beside the cafe shows a man's exasperated face with FLAMES SHOOTING FROM HIS NOSE, MOUTH, AND EARS. The sign advertises: HOTTEST CHILI PEPPERS EAST OF THE MISSISSIPPI. We see J.P. Shay out front leaning against a car, smoking a cigarette.

84 INT. DANTE'S INFERNO 84

Lloyd and Harry are sitting at a table with a hateful Joe Mental. The boys are each holding up a POINTED RED CHILI PEPPER.

HARRY
I'll do one if you will.

LLOYD
Okay, you go first.

HARRY
No, you go first.

(CONTINUED)

LLOYD
No, you go first.

MENTAL
Why don't you both stop being a couple of pussies and go at the same time. It ain't that hot.

Lloyd and Harry exchange a look, then simultaneously BITE INTO THE PEPPERS.

LLOYD
Hmmm, not bad...

HARRY
Yeah, more tingly than hot.

Suddenly the boys' EYES LIGHT UP. THEY LET OUT A SHRIEK. A smile begins to curl on Mental's lips. He pours them a couple glasses of water from a pitcher.

MENTAL
Have some water. It'll help.

Lloyd and Harry--who are both sweating profusely now--start to GULP down their water. This, of course, makes it burn more.

MENTAL (CONT.)
Aw, shucks, that's right. Water just makes it worse...

The boys run to the bar and DUMP PITCHERS OF WATER ON THEIR HEADS, much to the delight of a CHUCKLING Joe Mental.

CUT TO:

85 EXT. DANTE'S INFERNO - ILLINOIS - DAY 85

Mental is on the phone outside the front door TALKING to Nicholas Andre.

INTERCUT CONVERSATION

MENTAL
It's Mental. I'm just sitting down to a nice meal with our boys.

ANDRE
Good work. What did you find out so far?

(CONTINUED)

MENTAL
Nothing yet, but I'm gonna shake 'em down for information at lunch.
(beat)
Then I'm gonna kill 'em for dessert.

ANDRE
Well eat fast, time's running out. And whatever you do, don't let them get any closer. I don't need them here running around Aspen.

Mental pulls a BLACK VIAL OF PILLS out of his jacket.

MENTAL
Relax, they ain't gonna be running around anywhere after I dump a little cyanide in their pops.

86 INT. DANTE'S INFERNO - DAY 86

Back at the table, the boys are soaked and HUFFING as if they just finished the Boston Marathon. The burgers have been served, but Lloyd and Harry are still too traumatized to touch them.

HARRY
That really wasn't very polite of him, was it? Maybe we should loosen the screws of his chair.

Lloyd serves him a reproachful look.

LLOYD
Harry Dunne, I'm surprised at you. Perhaps it's about time you brushed up on a little tome that we God-fearing adults call the Bible. It's crammed with all kinds of pithy rules to live your life by.

HARRY
(humbled)
You mean like 'turn the other cheek?'

LLOYD
No, I mean like 'an eye for an eye.' Hand me those peppers--the atomic ones.

(CONTINUED)

Harry passes the jar and the two of them LOAD JOE MENTAL'S BURGER WITH CHILI PEPPERS, EXPERTLY CAMOUFLAGING THEM WITH LETTUCE.

HARRY
(WHISPERING)
Here he comes.

Lloyd and Harry bite into their food as Joe Mental sits back down at the table.

MENTAL
Feeling any better, boys?

As he pours ketchup on his burger, the guys glance at each other and TITTER. Then he picks it up and brings it to his mouth. Just before biting into it, though, he PAUSES.

MENTAL (CONT.)
So tell me, why you fellas headed to Aspen? Vacation?

LLOYD
More like re-location.

Mental starts toward the burger but stops again.

MENTAL
Doesn't look like you packed much. All I saw was a couple bags...and that briefcase.

HARRY
The briefcase isn't even ours. Some lady just left it at the airport. We're bringing it back to her.

This is news to Mental.

MENTAL
You mean you didn't even know her?

LLOYD
Not really. I was just her limo driver.

Mental looks at the two of them and realizes that they're serious. Then he BREAKS OUT LAUGHING.

MENTAL
Talk about being in the wrong place at the wrong time...

Lloyd and Harry share a confused look. Mental shakes his head and BITES INTO HIS BURGER, CHEWING HEARTILY.

(CONTINUED)

Almost immediately, his happy demeanor is replaced by a LOOK OF HORROR. HIS FACE TURNS RED, HE GRABS HIS STOMACH AND FALLS TO THE GROUND, GASPING.

The boys look at each other guiltily, then bend down to help him.

HARRY
Hey, you okay, man? It was just a goof.

MENTAL
(STRAINED WHISPER)
My ulcer...quick...pills...in my coat...

Harry checks Mental's coat pocket for his antacid pills but unwittingly brings out the BLACK BOTTLE OF CYANIDE PILLS. He shakes some pills out and hands them to Mental, who tosses them in his mouth and starts to MUNCH on them.

For a moment, he appears to improve. His BREATHING SLOWS and he sits up. Then his EYES LIGHT UP.

MENTAL'S POV - QUICK ZOOM IN on the black bottle Harry is holding!

MENTAL (CONT.)
You son-of-a-bitch!

Mental GURGLES and keels over, DEAD.

CUT TO:

87 INT. MUTT CUTTS VAN - IOWA - AFTERNOON 87

Lloyd and Harry are back on the road, looking solemn.

HARRY
I can't believe it...

LLOYD
Life is a fragile thing, Har. One minute you're chewing on a burger; the next minute you're dead meat.

HARRY
But he blamed me. You heard him. Those were his last words.

LLOYD
If you don't count that gurgling sound.

Harry lets out a GROAN.

(CONTINUED)

LLOYD (CONT.)
Hey, relax, man, I'm just as responsible as you--we both slipped him the peppers--and look at me, I don't feel guilty at all.

HARRY
Small comfort coming from a man who sells dead birds to blind kids.
(SIGHS)
Don't you get it, Lloyd, I've got a dead guy pissed at me. His restless spirit will probably haunt me for the next seventy-five years.

LLOYD
That's ridiculous. You probably won't live to see forty.

Harry perks up, cheered by this thought.

HARRY
Oh yeah.
(beat)
Wow. What a relief.

88 EXT. HIGHWAY - IOWA - AFTERNOON 88

As the Mutt Cutts van flashes by on its westward journey, we

CUT TO:

89 EXT. DANTE'S INFERNO - ILLINOIS - AFTERNOON 89

We see police cars and an ambulance out front.

90 INT. DANTE'S INFERNO - AFTERNOON 90

A DOCTOR is covering up the body of Joe Mental as he TALKS to DETECTIVE DALE. The detective is a no-nonsense type in his mid-forties with a military-regulation crewcut.

DOCTOR
...My official conclusion is that the deceased expired from oxygen deprivation caused by the presence of cyanide in the bloodstream.

(CONTINUED)

DT. DALE
You mean he was poisoned?

DOCTOR
Unquestionably. We found these by the body.

He holds up the container of cyanide pills. Dt. Dale nods and approaches another COP in the b.g.

COP
Waitress says he was with a couple of younger guys. They're the ones who called the ambulance--then they hit the road.

DT. DALE
Any idea where they were going?

COP
A witness at the next table thought he heard them say they were driving to France.

Dale frowns at this and the Cop shrugs.

COP (CONT.)
We got a report they were seen heading west on I-80 toward Colorado.

DT. DALE
Get a make on the vehicle?

The Cop consults his note pad.

COP
Yes, sir. They were driving an '84 dalmation.

Dt. Dale does a double-take.

DT. DALE
An '84 <u>what</u>?

COP
(straight-faced)
Well it might've been a sml1 cow, perhaps a guernsey. They're very similar in appearance.

The detective looks confused, as we

CUT TO:

91 INT. MUTT CUTTS VAN - NIGHT 91

The boys are extremely exhausted as they plow through the black night toward Aspen.

HARRY
Let's get off and crash at a motel before I crash into one.
(yawning)
I need a crib fast.

LLOYD
Sorry, Har. We're gonna have to hold out. Seems we misjudged our expense allocation. If we pay for a motel we won't have enough money for gas.

HARRY
What happened to the dough?

LLOYD
We over-leveraged.

HARRY
On what?

LLOYD
I sprung for Mr. Chili Pepper's last meal. Felt it was the least we could do after we deep-sixed him.

HARRY
Wait a second--one burger put us over budget?

LLOYD
The slob ordered a double-bacon deluxe and a chocolate malt.

HARRY
Oh.
(beat)
So what are we gonna do?

LLOYD
Drive. We've only got ten more hours. We can take turns.

CUT TO:

92 EXT. DANTE'S INFERNO - ILLINOIS - PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT 92

A frightened J.P. Shay is TALKING on the phone with Nicholas Andre.

(CONTINUED)

SHAY
You heard me, he's dead. The bastard's killed him.

93 INT. NICHOLAS ANDRE'S STUDY - ASPEN - NIGHT 93

Andre nervously lights a cigarette as he speaks.

ANDRE
Jesus Christ...

Andre's forehead begins to glisten with perspiration.

ANDRE (CONT.)
All right, I want you back here now. If they're coming this way I'm going to need you.

SHAY
(v.o.)
How's our bankroll doing? Giving you a hard time?

ANDRE
Skippy's not the problem. It's these two other guys that have me worried. I wish I knew what the hell they wanted.

Andre hangs up the phone and then disappears down his basement stairs.

94 INT. NICHOLAS ANDRE'S BASEMENT - NIGHT 94

In the middle of the room sits a small box, approximately three by two feet. This box looks too small to hold anything but a medium-sized dog. Surprisingly, though, we hear MUFFLED HUMAN WHIMPERING coming from inside it. Andre comes down the stairs and gives the box a kick.

ANDRE
How you doing today, Skippy?

We hear an INDISTINGUISHABLE HUMAN MUMBLE.

ANDRE (CONT.)
What's that you're saying?
(leans in toward box)
Oh, you're going to kill me when you get out of there, are you? Ooh, I'm scared. Hey I've got an idea, Skippy. Would you like to have a cigarette with me?

(CONTINUED)

Andre drops a lit cigarette into a tiny air hole in the box. Suddenly the box starts bouncing up and down and the WHINING INCREASES. As Andre smiles to himself, we

CUT TO:

95 EXT. HIGHWAY - IOWA - NIGHT 95

The Mutt Cutts van cruises down the lonely interstate.

96 INT. MUTT CUTTS VAN - IOWA - NIGHT 96

Lloyd is now FAST ASLEEP in the passenger seat as Harry drives on. A roadsign reading DENVER - 602 MILES whizzes by. Todd Rundgren's "Too Far Gone" begins to play while Harry peers at the empty highway INTROSPECTIVELY. As the song plays we see a series of quick shots:

97 INT. MUTT CUTTS VAN - NEBRASKA - NIGHT 97

A new sign says DENVER - 421 MILES. Lloyd is still asleep with his feet out the window and his head on Harry's lap.

98 INT. MUTT CUTTS VAN - NEBRASKA - NIGHT 98

Another sign reads DENVER - 201 MILES. Harry stares straight ahead, practically catatonic. Lloyd's feet are now up over the headrest and his head is down where his feet should be.

99 INT. MUTT CUTTS VAN - NIGHT 99

Finally, a sign reads COLORADO STATE LANE - 25 MILES/FOOD, GAS NEXT EXIT.

100 EXT. TRUCK STOP - NEBRASKA - 2:10 IN THE MORNING 100

The Mutt Cutts van pulls up to a gas pump. In the background are several tractor-trailer rigs and a cafe. Harry climbs out, thoroughly exhausted, walks around and opens the passenger door.

Lloyd tumbles to the asphalt, STILL ASLEEP. Harry nudges him with his foot.

HARRY
Come on, wake up. You pay, I'll pump.

Lloyd comes to and grudgingly pulls himself to his feet.

(CONTINUED)

Harry moves to the back of the poodle van. He has to LIFT ONE OF THE CAR'S REAR LEGS to unscrew the gas cap. Then he sticks the nozzle in and starts to fill her up.

101 EXT. GAS STATION MEN'S ROOM - NEBRASKA - NIGHT 101

Lloyd comes around the corner, dragging a BATHROOM KEY ATTACHED BY A CHAIN TO A CAR ENGINE toward the Men's Room. When he gets to the door, he struggles to lift the engine on its side, finally managing to slip the key into the lock.

102 EXT. MUTT CUTTS VAN - NEBRASKA - NIGHT 102

Harry is yawning as he pumps the gas. Suddenly a Jeep Cherokee pulls up and a long-legged, tanned, ATHLETIC BEAUTY climbs out. This seems to wake Harry up.

The Athletic Beauty smiles at Harry as she grabs a pump and starts to fill her jeep. Harry makes a feeble attempt to brush his hair into place, then CLEARS HIS THROAT and nods to the skis on her roof-rack.

HARRY
Skis, huh?

ATHLETIC BEAUTY
That's right.

HARRY
Great.

She continues to pump gas.

HARRY (CONT.)
They yours?

ATHLETIC BEAUTY
Uh-huh.

HARRY
Both of 'em?

ATHLETIC BEAUTY
Um, yeah.

HARRY
(impressed)
Cool.

The gas from Harry's nozzle starts to OVERFLOW, but he doesn't notice. From her POV it looks like a BIG DOG IS PISSING ON HIS LEG.

(CONTINUED)

ATHLETIC BEAUTY
Excuse me, you're spraying everywhere.

Harry turns to see the gas GUSHING ALL OVER HIS SHOES. He immediately removes the nozzle and replaces it on the pump as she smiles to herself.

103 INT. GAS STATION MEN'S ROOM 103

Lloyd is standing in a stall urinating. He starts to read the graffiti scrawled on the wall. Finally, he comes to one that says: FOR A GOOD TIME, MEET ME HERE NOVEMBER 8, 1993, 2:15 A.M. SHARP.

He frowns at this, then looks nervously at his watch.

A104 CLOSE UP OF THE DIAL A104

the date reads NOVEMBER 8.

ZOOM IN on the minutehand as it CLICKS TO EXACTLY 2:15.

B104 BACK TO SCENE B104

Just as a concerned look crosses Lloyd's face, we hear the BATHROOM DOOR SQUEAK OPEN AND SLAM SHUT! Terrified, Lloyd quickly locks the stall door, then crouches on the toilet bowl so his feet aren't visible. The sound of HEAVY FOOTSTEPS approaches the stall and then stops. Lloyd looks down to see a pair of SIZE 16 WORKBOOTS beneath the door. We can barely hear a LOW GROWL. Then the stall handle JIGGLES. Lloyd holds his breath. The ominous boots MOVE AWAY and Lloyd lets out a SIGH OF RELIEF.

All of a sudden the DOOR IS KICKED IN, AND A TOWERING FIGURE STEPS INTO FRAME. Lloyd looks up and GASPS.

HIS POV - it's the redneck trucker, Sea Bass.

SEA BASS
Well, well, well, if it ain't my old friend.
(checks watch)
And right on time...

As Sea Bass STEPS INTO THE STALL, we

CUT TO:

104 EXT. MUTT CUTTS VAN - NEBRASKA - NIGHT 104

The Athletic Beauty is back in her jeep now and Harry has sidled up to the driver's side. He leans against her side-view mirror.

HARRY
(re: suitcases in back seat)
That's a lot of luggage for a little vacation.

ATHLETIC BEAUTY
Actually, I'm moving to Aspen. I've got to get away from my boyfriend. He's such a klutz. My astrologer told me I should avoid accident-prone guys.

Just then, the side-view mirror Harry has been leaning on SNAPS OFF THE CAR. HE CRACKS HIS HEAD AGAINST THE WINDSHIELD, FALLS TO THE GROUND, THEN QUICKLY LEAPS TO HIS FEET AS IF NOTHING HAPPENED.

HARRY
(holding out mirror)
Here, this is a little loose.

She throws the mirror into the back seat and takes out a cigarette.

HARRY (CONT.)
Allow me...

He pulls out a match and lights it with a debonair flourish. The Athletic Beauty nods her thanks. Harry tosses the match to the ground, and we hear an O.S. WHOOSH! Wisps of smoke rise around him and we hear the LOW CRACKLE OF SOMETHING BURNING. (Neither of them notice this.)

HARRY (CONT.)
Look, um, maybe when I get to Aspen we can meet up...you know, for hot chocolate or something.

She looks him over and smiles.

ATHLETIC BEAUTY
Why not? You seem pretty harmless. I'll give you my number. Just let me find a pen.

As she starts to rummage through her purse, Harry SMELLS THE SMOKE. He looks down and sees that his RIGHT SHOE IS ABLAZE! He shakes it, then tries to put it out with the other shoe, but to no avail. Meanwhile, the Athletic Beauty is still searching for a pen.

(CONTINUED)

ATHLETIC BEAUTY (CONT.)
I know I have one here somewhere...

Harry starts doing a soft-shoe dance to extinguish the flames. This only helps to fan them.

HARRY
(urgently)
Look, why don't you just tell it to me, I've got a good memory.

ATHLETIC BEAUTY
Are you sure you won't forget?

HARRY
(desperate)
Positive--please hurry.

He begins hopping around violently.

ATHLETIC BEAUTY
Is something wrong?

Harry shakes his head no as he bites his lip to keep from screaming.

ATHLETIC BEAUTY (CONT.)
Okay, my number is 652-2553.
(beat)
Oh, wait a second, that's my old number. It's so funny how your mind--

HARRY
--For God sakes, give me the damn number!

She's taken aback by this outburst.

ATHLETIC BEAUTY
Look, man, if you're gonna get pushy you can just forget it!

She throws the car into drive and PEELS AWAY.

105 INT. GAS STATION MEN'S ROOM 105

Sea Bass has his meaty paw wrapped around Lloyd's neck as he slides him up the wall of the toilet stall.

(CONTINUED)

SEA BASS
First I'm gonna rape you, then I'm gonna kill you. Any last request?

LLOYD
Um, yeah--could you do it the other way around?

Sea Bass pushes Lloyd to his knees. Then the trucker steps back and UNDOES HIS FLY. The sound of the zipper brings a green color to Lloyd's face.

ON THE MEN'S ROOM DOOR - it bursts open and a FLAME-FOOTED Harry rushes into the bathroom, panic-stricken. In his desperation he PLOWS THROUGH THE STALL DOOR--KNOCKING SEA BASS ON THE HEAD--and thrusts his flaming foot into the toilet, EXTINGUISHING THE FIRE. Harry breathes a DEEP SIGH of relief. Only then does he notice LLOYD ON HIS KNEES AND SEA BASS UNCONSCIOUS ON THE FLOOR WITH HIS PANTS UNDONE.

Harry has to do a DOUBLE-TAKE for this to sink in. Then he lets out an admonishing WHISTLE.

HARRY
You've got some serious explaining to do, young man.

CUT TO:

106 INT. MUTT CUTTS VAN - NIGHT 106

CLOSE UP - of Harry's BURNT SHOE--with the toes sticking out--on the accelerator.

LLOYD
Look, Harry, I told you what happened, now drop it.

HARRY
Sure thing, Lloyd. I promise not to mention another word about you being in a bathroom stall with a six-foot, five-inch trucker with his pants down.

LLOYD
That's a low blow, man.

HARRY
Not at that height it's not.

LLOYD
Listen, bud, if you're trying to imply that I'm--

(CONTINUED)

HARRY
--Hold the thought--look, we're almost in Colorado.

Lloyd squints through the windshield. A sign up ahead says: LAST EXIT IN NEBRASKA - COLORADO STATE LINE - 3 MILES.

HARRY (CONT.)
I think it's about time we pull over and change seats. I've been driving for nine straight hours--I don't have the energy to start a new state.

Lloyd nods, and as he pulls off the exit, we

CUT TO:

107 EXT. HIGHWAY - COLORADO - NIGHT 107

CLOSE ON A SIGN - It reads WELCOME TO COLORADO, HOME OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. PAN DOWN to reveal a number of POLICEMEN stopping and checking cars as they cross the border.

A HELICOPTER lands on the side of the road and Detective Dale hops out. He hurries up to the COP in charge.

DT. DALE
Any sign of them yet?

COP
No, but we're expecting them shortly. A motorist said he spotted a pooch about thirty miles back headed this way.

Detective Dale nods, satisfied.

CUT TO:

108 EXT. MINI MART - NEBRASKA - NIGHT 108

ESTABLISHING SHOT of a mini mart.

109 INT. MUTT CUTTS VAN - NIGHT 109

The door opens and Lloyd gets in carrying a bag of Doritos and a soda. He settles into the driver's seat and pulls a Beef Jerky out of his back pocket.

LLOYD
Hey, I picked you up a Beef Jerky...

(CONTINUED)

When he gets no response, he notices that Harry is already fast asleep in the passenger seat. Lloyd shakes his head.

LLOYD (CONT.)
Boy, some guys just weren't cut out for life on the road.

110 EXT. MUTT CUTTS VAN - NEBRASKA - NIGHT 110

Lloyd starts the engine and pulls out of the parking lot to the nearby freeway entrance.

As he enters the on-ramp, we ZOOM IN on a sign that says: ROUTE 80 - EAST. He's unwittingly headed BACK IN THE DIRECTION THEY JUST CAME FROM!

DISSOLVE TO:

111 INT. MUTT CUTTS VAN - SUNNY MORNING 111

It's bright daylight now. Harry is sleeping peacefully in the passenger seat while Lloyd sips a coffee. The van hits a bump which causes Harry's eyes to flutter open.

LLOYD
Hey, Mr. Sleepy Head, welcome back.

HARRY
(groggy)
How long have I been out?

LLOYD
I'd say a good five hours, anyway.

Harry yawns and stretches.

HARRY
Great. We must be getting real close, huh?

LLOYD
Should be. I've been averaging about ninety miles an hour all night.

HARRY
Good man.

LLOYD
Boy, I'll tell you, this is one dangerous highway.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LLOYD (cont'd)
You wouldn't believe all the road pizza--two dead dogs, a couple rabbits, a snake and some big thing I couldn't even recognize.

HARRY
That's awful. Did you see them get hit or were they already lying there?

LLOYD
I hit 'em.

Harry rubs his eyes and looks out at the passing FLATLANDS.

HARRY
Funny. I expected the Rocky Mountains to be a little rockier than this.

LLOYD
I was thinking the same thing. That John Denver's some full of shit, huh?

They both stare out the window.

LLOYD (CONT.)
I must say, Des Moines sure is a pretty little town.

HARRY
Yeah, it really is.
(beat)
Wait a minute--when did you visit Des Moines?

LLOYD
Last night. We drove right through it.

HARRY
What are you talking about? You were snoring like a baby when we went through Des Moines.

Lloyd shakes his head in amusement, then SNAPS HIS FINGERS in Harry's face.

LLOYD
(sing-song)
Hello? Hello? Anybody home? Rise and shine.
(LAUGHS)
You were the one who was asleep, numbskull. Here, take a sip of coffee. You're delirious.

(CONTINUED)

A confused Harry sips the coffee and checks out the passing terrain. Then something starts to dawn on him. Slowly.

HARRY
Uh, Lloyd, refresh my memory: Doesn't the sun rise in the east and set in the west?

LLOYD
In our country it does, yes.

HARRY
Then perchance you can explain to me why the sun is in our face at 7:30 in the morning when we're heading west.

Lloyd thinks about this and then looks SICKENED.

CUT TO:

112 EXT. TRUCKSTOP - IOWA - MORNING 112

The Mutt Cutts van is parked next to a couple rigs and Harry is sitting beside it on the pavement, a BROKEN man.

LLOYD
I'm only human, Harry. Anybody can make a mistake.

But Harry just sits there, practically catatonic.

LLOYD (CONT.)
Come on, man, pull yourself together.

HARRY
You know, I got half a mind to just jump on a bus to Europe and say goodbye to your ugly mug forever.

LLOYD
(rolls his eyes)
You can't take a bus to Europe, dodo.

HARRY
Oh yeah? Why not?

LLOYD
You don't have a passport.

Harry lets out a defeated SIGH.

LLOYD (CONT.)
Come on, stop being a baby about this. Okay, so we back-tracked a tad.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY
A tad? Lloyd, you drove almost a sixth of the way across the country in the wrong direction. Now we don't have enough money to get to Aspen, we don't have enough money to get home, we don't have enough to eat, we don't have enough to sleep!

LLOYD
Well it doesn't do any good having you sitting on your butt whining about it. If we're gonna get out of this hole, we're gonna have to dig ourselves out.

Harry thinks about this.

HARRY
You know, you're absolutely right, Lloyd.

He stands up, brushes off his pants, and starts to walk toward the highway.

LLOYD
Where you going?

HARRY
Home. I'm walking home.

LLOYD
You can't be serious.

HARRY
(sarcastic)
Why not? We're probably only five miles away.

Harry starts resolutely toward the road while Lloyd watches.

LLOYD
(CALLING OUT)
Thanks a lot, Mr. Perfect. Like you never screwed up.

Harry suddenly STOPS IN HIS TRACKS and turns back to his friend. He seems completely drained.

HARRY
Look, man...I'm sorry.
(beat)
I never should have let you talk me into this in the first place.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HARRY (cont'd)
You've got a good reason to go--a beautiful girl's waiting for you. But let's face it, Lloyd, there's nothing waiting for me in Aspen.
(beat)
There's nothing waiting for me anywhere.

Lloyd just stands there, SPEECHLESS, as Harry turns and walks away. Out of frustration, he BANGS the snout of the car, causing it to BARK.

CUT TO:

113 EXT. HIGHWAY - IOWA - DAY 113

Harry is walking down the highway, his thumb stuck out unenthusiastically. A few cars WHIZ by, the cold wind whipping at his clothes.

A station wagon blows by and throws a BAG OF GARBAGE out the window. It lands at Harry's feet.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP OF HARRY'S FACE - a TEAR slowly rolls down his cheek (like the Indian in the commercial.) PAN DOWN to the bag of garbage. We see it's a BAG OF ONIONS that's ripped open.

Suddenly a HEARSE pulls up and stops. It's an ominous-looking vehicle and Harry hesitates. Then the passenger window rolls down, revealing Lloyd at the wheel.

LLOYD
Excuse me, are those bugle boy jeans you're wearing?

Harry stares at him, stunned.

LLOYD (CONT.)
Got room for one more, if you still want to go to Aspen.

Harry looks the hearse over.

HARRY
Where'd you find this baby?

LLOYD
Used car dealer. I traded the van for it.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LLOYD (cont'd)
Plus I got the guy to throw in fifty bucks for gas money.
(beat)
Come on, man, what do you say? We still partners?

Harry smiles, and we

CUT TO:

114 EXT. COLORADO STATE LINE - DAY 114

An impatient Detective Dale is still staked-out at the Colorado border with several other officers.

DT. DALE
It doesn't make sense. They should've been here hours ago.

COP
Maybe they're smarter than we thought.

DT. DALE
How smart can they be? They're driving a goddam dog!

Another COP rushes over holding his walkie-talkie.

COP #2
We just got a report that they were spotted about two hours ago heading east near Des Moines on I- 80.

DT. DALE
(incredulous)
Des Moines?! Why that's five hundred miles from here!

COP #1
Guess they got wind of our welcoming party.

DT. DALE
We're wasting time. Let's mobilize.

Dt. Dale heads for his cruiser while the other Cops follow. As the officers climb into their cars, we

CUT TO:

115 INT. HEARSE - DAY 115

Lloyd is driving and Harry has his feet out the window.

LLOYD
Tell me something, Harry. Would you really have kept going home if I hadn't come back to get you?

HARRY
Well, let me put it this way, Lloyd: Do you remember when we were cub scouts and got lost in the woods during that blizzard and we huddled together all night, and we made an oath that if we ever got out of there alive we'd never ever leave each other's side again. Do you remember that?

Lloyd thinks hard about this.

LLOYD
We never were cub scouts, Harry.

HARRY
Exactly.

Just then, several COP CARS whiz by them in the opposite direction with SIRENS BLARING and LIGHTS FLASHING. When Harry glances back at the cop cars, he notices that there's a COFFIN in the rear of their vehicle.

HARRY (CONT.)
What the hell is this? There's a coffin in the back!

LLOYD
Relax, it's empty.

HARRY
I don't give a shit. I'm not driving anywhere with a casket. You know I'm superstitious--

LLOYD
--Okay, calm down. We'll dump it off first chance we get.

116 EXT. HIGHWAY - IOWA - DAY 116

Harry and Lloyd are swerving through traffic in the hearse. Ahead of them is a REAL FUNERAL PROCESSION. The lead car is a CADILLAC.

117 INT. CADILLAC (LEAD CAR) - DAY 117

(This is the car right behind the funeral hearse.) A MAN and a WOMAN are arguing.

WOMAN
I married a cheapskate. I'm so embarrassed. I'll never be able to show my face again.

MAN
I knew something good would come out of this.

WOMAN
We could have given him a more dignified burial.

MAN
Your uncle was a cheap man. Remember what he got us for our twenty-fifth? A friggin' fern. There's no way I'm gonna spend a load to get him planted.

118 EXT. HIGHWAY - IOWA - DAY 118

While the couple ARGUES ON, Harry and Lloyd cut in front of them. The Man and Woman don't notice this and soon the ENTIRE FUNERAL PROCESSION IS UNWITTINGLY FOLLOWING THE WRONG HEARSE.

DISSOLVE TO:

119 EXT. HIGHWAY - NEBRASKA - NIGHT 119

It's dark now but we can see that the funeral procession is still following Harry and Lloyd's Hearse.

120 INT. HEARSE - NIGHT 120

Harry and Lloyd look out and see that they're approaching a Piggly Wiggly supermarket.

HARRY
This looks like a good spot.

121 EXT. PIGGLY WIGGLY SUPERMARKET - NEBRASKA - NIGHT 121

Harry and Lloyd pull up to a large green dumpster behind the market. The procession comes to a halt behind them.

122 INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT 122

The woman is fast asleep now and her husband has to jostle her awake.

MAN
Hey, wake up, I think we're there.

The woman sits up and the dazed couple watches as Harry and Lloyd get out of the hearse and remove the coffin from the back. Then they unceremoniously HEAVE THE COFFIN INTO THE DUMPSTER AND WIPE THEIR HANDS OFF.

123 INT. CADILLAC (LEAD CAR) - NIGHT 123

The Woman's jaw is practically on the floor, and the Man looks suitably humble.

WOMAN
You son-of-a-bitch...

CUT TO:

124 EXT. QUICK MONTAGE OF THE HEARSE WEAVING ITS WAY THROUGH THE 4 SCENIC ROCKIES AS WE PLAY 'MARY'S PRAYER' BY DANNY WILSON.

DISSOLVE TO:

125 EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - COLORADO - DAY 125

The hearse drives past a sign that says ENTERING ASPEN, COLORADO.

CUT TO:

126 EXT. DOWNTOWN ASPEN - DAY 126

The boys stroll down the sidewalk, looking in the windows, studying the passersby, taking in the sights and sounds of the ski town.

LLOYD
Isn't this wonderful? What more could a couple of single guys like us ask for?

HARRY
How about food and shelter?

LLOYD
You're so materialistic.

(CONTINUED)

Just then, a GORGEOUS WOMAN in a tight-fitting ski outfit and her handsome BOYFRIEND pass them. The boys stop and look back.

LLOYD (CONT.)
Oh my god. Did you see the butt on that?

HARRY
What are you, some kind of homo? How about the chick he was with?

Lloyd does a double-take, then stares at Harry.

LLOYD
Why don't we get down to business and deliver the briefcase to Mary. Who knows, maybe she'll invite us in for tea and a strumpet or two.

HARRY
Jolly good idea, chap. And where does the lovely young laddie reside?

LLOYD
Um...good question.

Harry throws Lloyd a concerned look, but then notices a phone booth next to them.

HARRY
Well what's her last name? We'll look it up in the phone book.

LLOYD
Hmmmm...You know, I don't believe I caught that either.

Harry's concern grows.

HARRY
What about the briefcase, Lloyd? There must've been a name on it, right?

LLOYD
(brightening)
Come to think of it, there is. It's engraved right into the leather.

HARRY
What is it?

LLOYD
Samsonite--spelled just like it sounds.

(CONTINUED)

Harry starts flipping through the phone book. Then abruptly HE STOPS and puts the book down, a DEFEATED look on his face.

CUT TO:

127 INT. HEARSE - NIGHT 127

The car is parked in a parking lot across the street from a picturesque bridge. Harry and Lloyd are shivering in the front seat as a LOUD, ICY WIND WHIPS through the hearse. They're each spooning something out of a coffee cup and sipping it.

HARRY
Any soup left?

LLOYD
A little. Shall we share it?

HARRY
Please.

Lloyd opens a TINY KETCHUP PACKET and squirts half of it into Harry's cup and the other half into his. They pour a few drops of water in and mix it with their spoons.

LLOYD
Mmmm mmmm good...

Lloyd smiles bravely at Harry. Harry notices something and leans toward him.

HARRY
Hey, you got something stuck in your front teeth.

Lloyd picks a small speck out of his mouth and studies it.

LLOYD
Hmmm...looks like an old piece of Beef Jerky.

Harry stares at it. Then:

HARRY
Wanna split it?

LLOYD
You're pathetic.

Lloyd puts the floss-meat back in his mouth and chews it. Harry gets out of the car.

128 EXT. HEARSE - NIGHT 128

Harry gets out and leans against the car with his arms crossed. Lloyd comes from around the other side.

LLOYD
What are you worrying about now?

HARRY
I'm worried about how you're gonna survive the pummelling I'm about to give you.

LLOYD
Huh?

Suddenly Harry LUNGES at Lloyd, who takes off around the other side of the car. Harry leaps across the hood, but Lloyd manages to evade his grasp.

LLOYD (CONT.)
Harry, calm down! You're acting like a wild animal!

HARRY
Get over here and take your medicine, Lloyd!

LLOYD
Sorry, doc, I can't take medicine. I'm a Christian Scientist!

Lloyd continues to outrun him around the car. Frustrated, Harry opens the car and PULLS THE BRIEFCASE OUT.

LLOYD (CONT.)
What are you doing?

HARRY
Something I should've done a long time ago. This stupid thing has been the root of our problems all along.

Harry starts walking toward the bridge spanning a river.

LLOYD
Don't do anything foolish, Harry.

HARRY
Foolish? This is the most sensible thing I've done in years. I'm gonna toss this goddamn curse right into that river.

Lloyd starts to follow after Harry.

(CONTINUED)

LLOYD
You're making a big mistake, Harry! I'll never forgive you for this!

Harry keeps marching toward the bridge, determined to dispose of the briefcase.

LLOYD (CONT.)
Harry, hold up! Things are gonna get better, I promise! In fact, I think I feel another piece of Beef Jerky in my left molar! It's yours, Harry, all yours!

Harry stops in his tracks, intrigued.

HARRY
You're bluffing.

LLOYD
No I'm not, man--look.

Lloyd pulls his cheek back, revealing a molar. Harry squints at it.

HARRY
That's a filling, you liar!

Just then, Lloyd makes a dash at Harry. Harry turns and runs, but Lloyd TACKLES HIM as they reach the bridge. The briefcase GOES FLYING, and the guys wrestle pitifully with one another in the snow, rolling over and over.

Finally, Harry manages to get the upper hand. He climbs on top and CLASPS HIS HANDS AROUND LLOYD'S THROAT.

HARRY (CONT.)
I used to have a life! A miserable one, but a life, nonetheless!

Suddenly Lloyd's EYES LIGHT UP as he sees something O.S. behind his friend.

LLOYD
(CHOKED VOICE)
Harry, look!

Harry turns and HIS EYES LIGHT UP, TOO. He lets go of Lloyd as we see

THEIR POV - the briefcase is lying BUSTED OPEN on the ground,

revealing STACKS AND STACKS OF BIG, BEAUTIFUL HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS!

CUT TO:

129 EXT. DOWNTOWN ASPEN - NIGHT 129

Harry and Lloyd are hurrying down the sidewalk, clutching the briefcase. The city is lit up with millions of tiny lights, like a fantasy winter wonderland.

LLOYD
Okay, here's the plan: We borrow a few bucks--just a small loan--from the briefcase, and we check into a cheap motel.

HARRY
Sounds good.

LLOYD
And we'll keep track of the money we spend with IOUs.

HARRY
We'll be meticulous--right down to the last penny.

LLOYD
That way, whatever we borrow we can pay back.

HARRY
Absolutely. We're good for it.

LLOYD
You know, as soon as we get jobs.

HARRY
It'll come right out of our first paycheck.

CUT TO:

130 INT. ELEGANT HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT 130

A tuxedoed Bell Captain, BARNARD, is showing the guys around an ENORMOUS AND LUXURIOUS SUITE. The place is big enough to throw a touchdown bomb in.

BARNARD
...This is the Hotel Danbury's Presidential Suite, gentlemen. It's normally reserved for royalty, visiting dignitaries, and illustrious stars of stage and--

LLOYD
--We'll take it.

(CONTINUED)

The Bell Captain is a bit taken aback, but pleased.

BARNARD
Very good, sir. Are there any bags you'd like sent up?

LLOYD
Thanks, Barnard, but we'll find our own chicks.

BARNARD
(peevish)
I wasn't talking about ladies.

HARRY
Oh. Then go ahead and send them up. What are their names?

Barnard SIGHS.

BARNARD
Sir, I meant your luggage.

Harry forces an embarrassed half-smile.

LLOYD
Tell you what you can send up, my friend--how about some chow?

The Bell Captain nods.

BARNARD
I'll bring you a menu.

LLOYD
Don't bother. Just order us one of everything.

At this, Harry serves Lloyd a reproachful squint.

HARRY
One of everything? Lloyd...

Lloyd looks guilty.

LLOYD
Oh, sorry.
(beat)
Make that two of everything.

Harry smiles at this as Lloyd pulls a wad of HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS out of his pocket.

(CONTINUED)

He rips one off and tucks it in Barnard's top pocket.

LLOYD (CONT.)
And here you go, Barney. You keep us happy, we'll keep you happy.

The Bell Captain, Barnard, is energized by this tip.

BARNARD
Yes, sir!

He bows and leaves the room. Then Lloyd cracks open the briefcase and inserts a SMALL PIECE OF PAPER.

LLOYD
(proudly)
Our first IOU. Signed and dated.

CUT TO:

131 EXT. SWANSON CHALET - NIGHT 131

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the Swanson's lavish Aspen residence.

132 INT. HALLWAY - SWANSON CHALET - NIGHT 132

Helen Swanson is KNOCKING on her step-daughter's bedroom door. She's holding a tray with a couple of mugs on it.

HELEN
Mary? You awake?

MARY
(o.s.)
Come in...

133 INT. SWANSON HOUSE SUN ROOM - NIGHT 133

Mary is sitting in a chair looking sadly out the French windows when Helen ENTERS.

HELEN
I brought you some tea. I thought it might help you to relax.

Mary smiles.

MARY
Thank you.

She takes a mug, sips, and pulls back.

(CONTINUED)

MARY (CONT.)
Yech! What's in this, whiskey?

HELEN
Uh, sorry...that one's mine.

Helen grabs the mug from Mary and hands her the other one.

HELEN (CONT.)
Feeling any better, honey?

Mary can't take her eyes from the window.

MARY
Just knowing that Skippy's out there, being held by God knows who...
(fighting back tears)
It's all my fault. I should've been there.

HELEN
Bullshit. You can't blame yourself for this. If you'd been there they would've taken you, too.

Helen pulls out a joint and torches it up. She takes a hit.

MARY
Maybe we should just pay them the money again and get this thing over with.

HELEN
Now, Mary, everything that can be done is being done. You've got to stop torturing yourself.

MARY
What am I supposed to do? Go about my life as if everything were fine?

HELEN
That's <u>exactly</u> what you should do. Get the hell out more, go skiing, socialize. Don't you see, honey? We can't let on that anything is wrong. If the press or authorities get wind of this, the kidnappers might panic.
(beat)
Who knows what they'd do to poor Skippy then?

As Mary thinks about this, we

DISSOLVE TO:

134 EXT. HOTEL DANBURY - DAY 134

The guys pull up to the front of the hotel in the hearse. Several HOTEL EMPLOYEES rush to help them. Harry and Lloyd get out wearing OVERLY TRENDY SKI GARB, complete with fur boots, NASA-designed goggles, and splashy fluorescent colors everywhere. The Employees grab the shopping bags and then line up as Lloyd TIPS THEM ALL handsomely.

135 INT. BEDROOM - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - NIGHT 135

The huge beds are covered with boxes and bags of new goodies. Lloyd is going through it all. Harry is sitting out on the balcony with his feet up on the railing, checking out the mountain view.

HARRY
Oh god, it's really true. Last night I thought I might've been dreaming.

LLOYD
It's no dream, Har. We finally cracked the big time.

HARRY
And it was so simple. All it took was somebody else's money.

Harry LIGHTS A CIGAR WITH A TWENTY DOLLAR BILL, takes a hearty puff, and EXHALES.

HARRY (CONT.)
You know, Lloyd, I think you might've gone a little overboard with the spending today.

He blows out the twenty and tosses it off the balcony.

LLOYD
What's the big deal? We're gonna pay it all back anyway, right?

HARRY
Sure, but do you really think you needed to buy those two surfboards?

LLOYD
Surfboards? I thought those were beginner's skis.

This suddenly makes sense to Harry.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY
Ahhh. I was wondering why you had those bindings put on them.

Lloyd opens a box and holds up a SCANTY NEGLIGEE.

LLOYD
Where'd this come from?

HARRY
(sheepish)
I bought it.

LLOYD
What for?

HARRY
I like the feel of it against my skin...
(defensive)
...I mean, you know, when a woman's wearing it.

Lloyd inspects it more closely.

LLOYD
Harry, how many women do you know who wear a size XXL?

HARRY
Look, leave me alone. I'm rich now. I'm supposed to have a few eccentricities.

There's a KNOCK on the door.

LLOYD
Enter, parlez vous!

136 INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - A MOMENT LATER 136

The Bell Captain, Barnard, ENTERS with a champagne bucket and a newspaper under his arm.

BARNARD
I brought you your newspaper and some champagne, gentlemen. Unfortunately, we didn't seem to have the, um, label you requested.

Lloyd examines the champagne's label and frowns.

LLOYD
All out of Boone's Farm, huh?

(CONTINUED)

BARNARD
You have a rapier wit, sir. I took the liberty of bringing a comparable substitute: Dom Perignon.

LLOYD
Guess it'll have to do, slugger, huh?

Lloyd smiles and overtips him.

BARNARD
Thank you so much, sir.

He puts the tray down, hands Lloyd the newspaper, and heads for the door.

HARRY
Oh, one more thing: You can dispense with the 'sir' crap. Let's face it, Barney, we're all from the same mold.
(winks)
We just have a little more dough than you right now.

Barnard smiles and EXITS. Lloyd picks up a champagne glass and flicks it with his finger, sending out a resonate RING.

LLOYD (CONT.)
Cocktail hour has commenced!

He starts to open the champagne.

LLOYD (CONT.)
Well, Har, this is the night, the night we've been waiting for our whole lives. We've got a brand new world to explore. A world full of wine, women, and song. Our time has come, Harry. We're going to seize the day, take this town by the tail and swing it around 'til it begs for mercy or snaps off and slams into a wall. We're going to go out there and make history, pal. This is going to be the greatest night of our lives!

HARRY
But, Lloyd, did you forget? There's a two-part Blossom on tonight.

Lloyd thinks about this.

LLOYD
Ah, we'll just go out tomorrow night.

DISSOLVE TO:

137 SAME SCENE - LATER 137

The boys are sitting on the bed, watching TV, BAWLING THEIR EYES OUT. There's a box of kleenex between them and each is dabbing at his face with tissues.

As the CAMERA PANS around the room we see that they're just watching a tear-jerker AT&T commercial about a poor kid who calls his mother from college. When the commercial ends, the boys immediately regain their composure.

HARRY
Boy, this is living. What's on next?

LLOYD
I don't know. Let me have a look.

Lloyd picks up a newspaper next to the bed and starts to read. Suddenly his jaw drops.

HARRY
Lloyd...you okay?

LLOYD
(dumbstruck)
Harry, it's her.

HARRY
Who?

LLOYD
Mary with the briefcase. This is her...

He shoves the newspaper at Harry.

CLOSE ON THE HEADLINE - it reads: SWANSONS TO HOST PRESERVATIONISTS GALA TOMORROW NIGHT; CITY'S ELITE EXPECTED. Underneath this is a photograph of Mary with her parents.

LLOYD (CONT.)
Mary Swanson...

HARRY
Come on, Cinderella, it's time to get you ready for the ball...

Roy Orbison's "Pretty Woman" plays over a...

(CONTINUED)

140 INT. ASPEN PRESERVATION SOCIETY 140

Nicholas Andre is greeting people at the door. However, when Harry and Lloyd try to enter, he stops them and gives them the once-over.

ANDRE
Excuse me, gentlemen, but this is a five-hundred-dollar-a-plate dinner.

Harry and Lloyd look at each other and shrug. Then Lloyd takes out a WAD OF BILLS and peels off TWENTY HUNDREDS, much to the amazement of Andre.

LLOYD
This should cover four plates, my good man, just in case we want seconds.

They ENTER the party. As Andre watches them go, his associate--J.P. Shay--comes up beside him, an alarmed look on his face.

J.P. SHAY
(WHISPERING)
Jesus Christ, boss...it's them.

141 BACK ON HARRY AND LLOYD 141

As Harry and Lloyd silently take in the party, a BEAUTIFUL REDHEAD walks by.

LLOYD
Shut up, Harry.

HARRY
I didn't say anything.

LLOYD
Yeah, well I know what you were gonna say and I'm telling you to shut up in advance.

HARRY
How do you know what I was gonna say?

LLOYD
I read you like a book.

HARRY
Okay, if you read me like a book then what was I gonna say?

(CONTINUED)

LLOYD
You were gonna say:
(in Harry's looped VOICE)
'That's one fiery bush I wouldn't mind roasting my weenie in.'

Harry raises his eyebrows, IMPRESSED.

LLOYD (CONT.)
And I would say 'shut up', because this is our chance to get in with the rich and powerful and you don't ingratiate yourself to these kind of people by acting like Ron Jeremy on spanish fly.

HARRY
Relax, Lloyd. These people are just like you and me.

LLOYD
What are you talking about? They're educated, well-bred, charming, and sophisticated.

HARRY
So what? We can be sophistica-- holy shit, would you look at the funbags on that hosehound.

He points out a busty BLONDE BOMBSHELL entering the party. Lloyd rolls his eyes.

142 INT. ASPEN PRESERVATION SOCIETY 142

Just then, we hear the o.s. CLINKING of a glass. The guys turn to see Nicholas Andre standing at a podium. Next to him is a LARGE, COVERED DISPLAY. On his other side are Karl and Elizabeth Swanson.

ANDRE
If I could have your attention, please...

The crowd QUIETS.

ANDRE (CONT.)
I'd like to thank you all for coming to this very special event.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ANDRE (CONT.) (cont'd)
As you know, the Aspen Preservation Society--founded and chiefly funded by our great benefactors, Karl and Helen Swanson--is the world's foremost defender of twenty-three different endangered species. Tonight, we are deeply honored to have Mr. Karl Swanson welcome our twenty- fourth.

The crowd CLAPS as Mr. Swanson takes Andre's place at the podium.

MR. SWANSON
Ladies and gentlemen, I give you the Icelandic Snow Owl.

He pulls the cover off, revealing TWO MAJESTIC, FLUFFY WHITE OWLS IN A HUGE CAGE. Everyone OOHS and AHHS.

MR. SWANSON (CONT.)
These magnificent specimens were rescued recently, culminating a five-year, two-million-dollar effort on our part. Together, they constitute one-seventh of the snow owl population left on the planet.

ON ANDRE - he's nervously eyeing Harry and Lloyd. He looks pale.

MR. SWANSON (CONT.)
Here these lovely birds will be allowed to breed in a natural but protected habitat. And, God willing, with your help and that of the Society's, we will see these wonderful creatures flourish once more.

More APPLAUSE.

MR. SWANSON (CONT.)
Again, thank you, and enjoy your evening. Oh, and feel free to take a closer look at our new friends here. Enjoy.

The crowd APPLAUDS and begins to mingle again.

CUT TO:

143 INT. MEN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 143

MEDIUM SHOT of Harry and Lloyd standing at a wall of urinals with three other men.

CLOSE ON LLOYD - as he turns to the MAN BESIDE HIM.

LLOYD
Quite a bash, eh?

The Man snubs Harry and looks away.

CLOSE ON HARRY - as he turns to ANOTHER MAN.

HARRY
You don't buy the beer around here, you just rent it.

Harry smiles good-naturedly, but the Man avoids his attempt at conversation. Harry glances over at Lloyd.

HARRY (CONT.)
(whispering)
Boy, what's with these guys? Not too friendly, huh?

LLOYD
I don't know. I guess they just have no class.

PULLBACK TO REVEAL (LONGSHOT) that Harry and Lloyd are the only two of the five with their PANTS AT THEIR ANKLES and their BARE BUTTS SHOWING.

CUT TO:

144 INT. MAIN ROOM, ASPEN PRESERVATION SOCIETY - MOMENTS LATER 144

Lloyd and Harry approach the bar again.

LLOYD
(to bartender)
Two more, please.

Harry stares at Lloyd with concern.

HARRY
Lloyd, I've never seen you this uptight. You've gotta chill out.

(CONTINUED)

LLOYD
I can't help it. This is a very important night for me.
(beat)
Harry, have you ever wondered why you and I never have long-term girlfriends?

HARRY
What are you talking about? I went out with Fraida Felcher for two and a half weeks.

LLOYD
That was a fluke.
(beat)
The reason we never have long-term girlfriends is because of one thing: We're afraid of the C-word.

HARRY
That's crazy. We live for the C-word.

LLOYD
I'm talking about commitment.

HARRY
(beat)
Oh.

LLOYD
Well I'm ready for commitment, Harry. The first time I laid eyes on Mary Swanson, I knew she was the one.

Suddenly Lloyd notices something across the room.

145 HIS POV 145

A beguiling Mary Swanson is talking with a couple of guests. She's wearing a spectacular black cocktail dress.

146 BACK TO SCENE 146

Lloyd quickly turns toward the bar.

LLOYD
Oh shit, there she is.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY
(checking her out)
Wow. You weren't kidding, Lloyd. She's an angel.
(beat)
Well, what are you waiting for? Get over there and talk to her.

LLOYD
She's gonna think I'm some kind of psycho when she realizes how far I came just to see her.

HARRY
You have her briefcase--she's gonna be thrilled to see you.

LLOYD
(brightening)
Wait a second, I have an idea. You go over and introduce yourself. That way you can build me up so when I come along I won't have to brag about myself. Tell her I'm good-looking and I'm rich and I have a rapist's wit.

HARRY
I can't tell her you're good-looking, Lloyd--she's got eyes.

Lloyd takes a big gulp of his new martini.

LLOYD
Please Harry, I'm appealing to you as one loser to another. Just build me up and then give me a signal to come over. Please.

Harry SIGHS.

147 INT. NEAR OWL CAGE, ASPEN PRESERVATION SOCIETY 147

He straightens his polka-dot bowtie, then APPROACHES Mary, who is now standing alone, admiring the owls.

HARRY (CONT.)
Nice set of hooters you got there.

Mary turns to Harry, stunned.

(CONTINUED)

MARY
I beg your pardon?

HARRY
The owls. They're beautiful.

MARY
Oh. Yeah.
(beat)
Are you a bird lover?

HARRY
Well, I used to have a parakeet, but my main area of expertise is canines--that's dogs to the layperson.

She smiles at this.

MARY
Thanks. I love dogs, too. So how are you involved with them?

HARRY
Oh, I've trained them, bathed them, clipped them; I've even bred them.

MARY
Really? Any unusual breeding?

HARRY
Nah, mostly just doggie-style. But one time we successfully mated a bulldog and a shitzu.

MARY
Really? That's weird.

HARRY
Yeah. We called it a Bullshit.
(breaks out LAUGHING)
Just a little breeder joke.

She seems strangely charmed by this.

HARRY (CONT.)
Anyway, the real reason I came over is because I want to introduce you to a friend of mine.

Just then, Mary's stepmother approaches. She's holding a martini and looking a little sloshed.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN
Mary, I don't believe I've met your friend.

MARY
Actually, we haven't been introduced yet.
(holds out hand)
I'm Mary Swanson, and this is my stepmother, Helen.

HARRY
Harry Dunne. Pleasure meeting you both.

HELEN
I saw you come in earlier, Mr. Dunne. I was hoping we'd get a chance to meet.

HARRY
(taken aback)
You were?

HELEN
That tuxedo--I love a man with a sense of humor. So does Mary.

Mary shoots Helen a look, then smiles at Harry.

HARRY
Really?

For a moment, he's caught up in Mary's eyes, but then manages to snap out of it.

HARRY (CONT.)
Anyway, about my friend--

HELEN
--Are you doing anything tomorrow, Mr. Dunne? Because I believe Mary's looking for somebody to hit the slopes with.

HARRY
Whuh?

MARY
Helen, you're embarrassing me.

HELEN
Well you are, aren't you? I mean, after all, the snow's going to be gone in a week or two.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HELEN (cont'd)
This is probably your last chance.
(to Harry)
Poor girl doesn't get out enough. So what do you say, Harry? Are you available?

Harry thinks about this, then looks across the room at a hopeful Lloyd.

HARRY
Oh, I don't know. You see, my friend--

HELEN
--Forget your friends for one day. You and Mary will have a ball.

Mary's captivating eyes meet his, waiting for an answer.

HARRY
Um...well...I don't know. You see, the thing is...sure.

148 INT. NEAR BAR, ASPEN PRESERVATION SOCIETY 148

ON LLYOD - he waits impatiently at the bar as Harry returns.

LLOYD
How come you didn't call me over?

HARRY
Relax, you're golden. I got you a date with her tomorrow.

Lloyd falls back against the bar and grabs his chest. He's SPEECHLESS.

LLOYD
Wha...you...I...it's...
(smiles)
I love you, man. I love you!

Lloyd clamps an embarrassed Harry in a TIGHT EMBRACE.

HARRY
Okay, get a grip, Lloyd. You're making a scene.

Lloyd steps back elated.

(CONTINUED)

LLOYD
This calls for a toast!

He grabs a bottle of champagne out of a bucket and starts to open it.

LLOYD (CONT.)
You're gonna be my best man, Har, I mean it. It was always between you and my future wife's brother, but you just earned a seat at the head table, pal.

149 INT. ASPEN PRESERVATION SOCIETY 149

Suddenly the CORK SHOOTS OUT OF THE CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE AND ZIPS ACROSS THE ROOM LIKE A BULLET--DIRECTLY TOWARD ONE OF THE NOW EVEN-WIDER-EYED OWLS. In quick succession we hear a BOK!, a SQUAWK!, and a THUMP!

150 INT. MAIN ROOM, ASPEN PRESERVATION SOCIETY 150

A HUSH falls over the entire party as everyone turns their stunned attention to the cage. THEIR POV - feathers are floating in the air throughout the cage, and one of the Icelandic Snow Owls LIES ON ITS BACK, its species now one bird closer to extinction.

Harry and Lloyd look on in horror. Harry takes the smoking champagne bottle from Lloyd and places it on the bar. The guys LOWER THEIR HEADS and slink out of the room before anyone can figure out what happened--anyone except for Nicholas Andre, that is; we PAN to show that he's been standing nearby watching their every move. And he doesn't look very happy.

CUT TO:

151 INT. NICHOLAS ANDRE'S BASEMENT - DAY 151

We see the box sitting in the middle of the floor. Suddenly we hear a GRUNT and the box moves an inch toward the stairs. Another GRUNT and another inch.

DISSOLVE TO:

152 SAME SCENE 152

The box has reached the bottom of the stair and whoever is inside is HUFFING AND PUFFING. Then we hear AN EXTRA LOUD GRUNT and the box jumps up to the first step. This is followed by an EXHAUSTED SIGH.

CUT TO:

153 INT. NICHOLAS ANDRE'S APARTMENT - DAY 153

Nicholas Andre is pacing the room while J.P. Shay looks on nervously. Behind them is a huge picture window facing out toward the street.

J.P. SHAY
Maybe it was just a coincidence.

ANDRE
Don't be stupid. It's a message, plain and simple: We killed their bird, now they killed ours.

Suddenly we see THE BOX COME INTO FRAME THROUGH THE PICTURE WINDOW BEHIND THEM. We see it hopping along inch by inch, trying to make its escape.

J.P. SHAY
But how could anybody off a bird with a cork?

ANDRE
These guys aren't just anybody. They're good. Look what they did to Mental. He was the best, and yet he fell right into their web.

J.P. SHAY
But the bastards already got our money. What the hell more could they want?

Andre runs his fingers through his hair.

ANDRE
(at wit's end)
I don't know.

Suddenly Andre notices the box.

ANDRE (CONT.)
Goddamit! Skippy's making a run for it.

Andre and J.P. Shay run out the door.

CUT TO:

154 INT. NICHOLAS ANDRE'S BASEMENT - DAY 154

The box comes TUMBLING down the stairs. A moment later J.P. Shay and Nicholas Andre come down.

(CONTINUED)

J.P. SHAY
(talking to box)
You try a stunt like that again, so help me God I'll patch up that airhole with a big wad of bazooka.

We hear a MUMBLE from the box.

J.P. SHAY (CONT.)
What's that?

J.P. Shay puts his face close to the airhole. We hear the MUMBLE again. He puts his face even closer.

J.P. SHAY (CONT.)
Huh?

Suddenly we hear a SNORT, and then a BIG HOCKER comes flying out of the box and straight into J.P.'s face.

J.P. SHAY (CONT.)
Why you little--!

Shay pulls out his gun and points it at the box, but Nicholas Andre grabs his arm.

ANDRE
Okay, take it easy, take it easy. This piece of shit will get his in due time.

CUT TO:

155 INT. BEDROOM - PRESENTIAL SUITE - THE NEXT MORNING 155

A jubilant Lloyd is fixing his hair in the mirror. In the b.g., Harry is putting on his new ski clothes--including a pair of thermal tights.

LLOYD
Mrs. Christmas...Mary Christmas...Mrs. Mary Christmas. You know, it has kind of a ring to it, doesn't it, Har?

HARRY
Sounds nice, Lloyd, but don't you think you may be jumping the gun a little? I mean, who knows, when you get to know her, you may find out she's not your type.

(CONTINUED)

LLOYD
Impossible. I know my type when I see it. Now let me get this straight, she wants me to meet her at the Avalanche Bar and Grill on Main Street?

HARRY
That's what she said. Ten o'clock sharp.

This is when Lloyd notices Harry's get-up.

LLOYD
Time out. Where are you going dressed like that?

HARRY
I, uh, thought while you were making your love connection I'd try my luck on the slopes.

LLOYD
You mean you're gonna go out in public dressed in tights?

HARRY
These aren't tights. They're fashionable Euro-trash ski trousers.

LLOYD
But you can see the outline of your who-who.

Harry looks down at his crotch.

HARRY
Really?

LLOYD
Turn sideways.

Harry turns his profile against the window.

LLOYD (CONT.)
Actually, it's just a tiny little lump. No one will even notice.

HARRY
You're right. I can't go out dressed like this.

CUT TO:

156 EXT. ASPEN BASE LODGE - DAY 156

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the building.

157 INT. ASPEN BASE LODGE 157

People are putting their boots on and their skis are lined up on the wall behind them. Mary is waiting by the fireplace in an incredibly sexy snowsuit.

Suddenly Harry appears in the room, dressed ridiculously. As he begins to clumsily make his way through the lodge toward Mary, we see that he ALREADY HAS HIS SKIS ON. He kicks over a row of skis and gets glares from all sides. Finally he reaches her, OUT OF BREATH.

HARRY
Sorry I'm late. It's a bitch driving a clutch with these things.

158 EXT. CHAIR LIFT - DAY 158

Harry and Mary are at the front of the lift line. The couple ahead of them get on a chair, and then they shuffle into position. Harry crouches nervously, waiting for the chair. The chair swings around, comes up behind them, and makes a smooth pick up--of Mary, that is. An embarrassed Harry is STILL IN THE CROUCHING POSITION, having missed the ride. Mary looks back at him, confused. Suddenly he pretends to be stretching.

HARRY
(CALLING OUT)
You take the first run alone. I'm gonna loosen up down here.

CUT TO:

159 INT. AVALANCHE BAR & GRILL - DAY 159

Lloyd ENTERS the bar as the WAITERS are setting up for the day.

WAITER
I'm sorry, we don't open until eleven.

This is disconcerting news to Lloyd.

LLOYD
I'm meeting someone. Mind if I wait at the bar?

The Waiter shrugs and Lloyd sits down at the empty bar.

CUT TO:

160 EXT. CHAIR LIFT - DAY 160

Harry and Mary are now sitting together on a chair as it rises higher and higher toward the imposing mountaintop. Harry holds onto the chair's frame nervously.

MARY
Beautiful day, huh, Harry?

HARRY
Glorious.

Mary takes a DEEP BREATH.

MARY
God, it feels so good to get up here. I haven't been outdoors much in the last couple weeks.

HARRY
Why not?

MARY
(evasive)
There's been...family problems. I don't want to bore you with them.

HARRY
Thanks.

He looks off mindlessly in the distance. Then Lloyd notices a PATCH OF FROST on the chair lift bar.

HARRY (CONT.)
Oh, look...frost.

He licks it--and his TONGUE IMMEDIATELY FUSES WITH THE FROZEN METAL. He tugs a few times, but it won't budge.

MARY
Are you okay?

HARRY
(lisping)
Sure. I do this all the time...

CUT TO:

161 EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - DAY 161

As Mary and Harry arrive at the top of the lift, Mary disembarks but Harry stays on.

HARRY
(lisping)
See ya at the bottom...

Harry and the chair lift swing around and start heading down the hill.

CUT TO:

162 EXT. BOTTOM OF MOUNTAIN - DAY 162

The chair lift comes back around with Harry still sitting on it, stuck to the bar. Two LITTLE KIDS climb on with him.

HARRY
(lisping)
Hi.
(off their looks)
Say, kids, you wouldn't happen to have a cup of warm water, would you?

The two Kids just stare at him.

CUT TO:

163 INT. AVALANCHE BAR & GRILL - AFTERNOON 163

A despondent Lloyd's got a couple empties in front of him now. The bar is open and there are a few CUSTOMERS sprinkled about.

On the walls of the bar we see a few famous headlines: 'Lindburgh Crosses the Atlantic,' 'Dewey Wins,' etc. Lloyd takes a sip of his drink and looks up at the clock on the wall. It's 12:30.

We see a pair of beautiful legs slide onto the stool next to him. PAN OVER to reveal that it's the Athletic Beauty that Harry had tried to pick up at the truckstop.

ATHLETIC BEAUTY
Hi.

Lloyd GRUNTS a hello.

ATHLETIC BEAUTY (CONT.)
Bad day, huh?

(CONTINUED)

Lloyd GRUNTS once more.

ATHLETIC BEAUTY (CONT.)
(big smile)
Well don't worry, Mercury's supposed to be coming out of retrograde tonight. Things will get better.

As Lloyd GRUNTS again, we

CUT TO:

164 EXT. BASE LODGE - AFTERNOON 164

Mary gracefully carves her way to the bottom of the hill and stops with a snow-spraying flourish. She looks around the outdoor patio for Harry. She spots something and does a DOUBLE-TAKE.

MARY'S POV - Harry is sitting at a table, STILL ATTACHED TO THE CHAIR LIFT (which has been removed from the cable). He's drinking a cup of coffee and trying to act nonchalant, despite the gawking of the other SKIERS. There's a MIME performing in the b.g.

BACK TO SCENE

MARY
My God. Harry, are you okay?

HARRY
(lisping)
I'm fine, I'm fine. It'll come off.

CUT TO:

165 EXT. BASE LODGE - AFTERNOON 165

CLOSE UP of Harry's head through a RIFLE SCOPE.

166 REVERSE ANGLE 166

to reveal J.P. Shay a few hundred feet up the hill with a high- powered rifle trained on Harry.

SHAY
You're luck just ran out, pal.

As his trigger-finger TWITCHES with anticipation, we go

BACK TO SCENE

167 EXT. BASE LODGE - AFTERNOON 167

MARY
This is silly. Let me help you...

Mary gets up and stands behind Harry. He MOANS nervously. She grabs his head in both hands and starts pulling it away from the bar. We see HARRY'S TONGUE STRETCH RIDICULOUSLY...FIVE INCHES...SIX...THEN EIGHT. Harry GROANS in pain. Suddenly, his TONGUE COMES UNDONE and Harry and Mary fall backwards--out of the path of J.P. Shay's bullet as it WHIZZES BY. We hear the Mime in the b.g. CRY OUT in pain:

MIME
GODDAM IT! WHAT THE FUCK?!

The poor Mime holds his bleeding hand and retreats nervously into the lodge as the CROWD BOOS him.

CUT TO:

HARRY AND MARY MONTAGE

168 EXT. FIELD OF SNOW 168

-Harry and Mary are putting the finishing touches on a beautiful snowman. She hands him a thick carrot and two charcoal briquets. He looks at them quizzically. She turns to pick up a top hat, and when she looks back, she sees that Harry has given the snowman a penis and testicles. Mary shakes her head and re-inserts the carrot as a nose and the briquets as eyes. Harry blushes at his mistake.

169 EXT. ASPEN FLORIST SHOP 169

-Harry and Mary are looking in the window of a florist shop. He points to a vase of bright, colorful flowers sitting on a marble pedestal. Mary nods agreeably at the bouquet. A moment later, Harry marches into the shop. Mary watches as hands reach into the window and remove the vase of flowers from the pedestal. Cut to Mary's pleased face twisting in confusion as Harry comes out of the shop, dragging the marble pedestal.

170 INT. TRENDY COFFEE SHOP 170

-The couple are at a trendy coffee shop. Harry pulls the chair out for Mary, and as she sits down, she suddenly jumps back up, embarrassed. A giggling Harry displays the whoopee cushion he secretly placed on her seat. Mary can't help but laugh, too.

CUT TO:

171 INT. AVALANCHE BAR & GRILL - AFTERNOON 171

Lloyd's now swimming in despair, as the Athletic Beauty RAMBLES ON beside him.

ATHLETIC BEAUTY
...Anyway, after my boyfriend backed into my garage for the third time, I said to myself, 'Run, Cathy, run for your life before he kills you both'. Then you know what the klutz does--

LLOYD
--No, and to be perfectly honest, I don't really care.
(beat)
Look, I'm sorry, but I'm not very good company today.

ATHLETIC BEAUTY
I'll say.
(beat)
I have an idea. Why don't you tell me a little about yourself.

LLOYD
Maybe some other time.

Lloyd motions for the BARTENDER.

LLOYD (CONT.)
Excuse me, you wouldn't happen to know a Mary Swanson, would you?

BARTENDER
Sure. Her family comes in here all the time.

LLOYD
Do you know where she lives?

BARTENDER
Yeah, they got that big place up on Alpine Drive.

Lloyd throws down a hundred dollar bill and walks out. On his way to the door, he stops when he sees the headline: 'Man Walks On The Moon.' He reads this, then turns back to the bartender, stunned.

LLOYD
You gotta be shittin' me. When was this?

CUT TO:

172 EXT. SWANSON CHALET - LATE AFTERNOON 172

The hearse pulls up to the house and stops.

173 INT. HEARSE - LATE AFTERNOON 173

MARY
I've got to tell you, today was really just what I needed. Thanks a lot, Harry.

HARRY
My pleasure, Mary.

She beams and gives him a KISS on the cheek.

MARY
So you'll pick me up tonight at 7:45?

HARRY
Better make it quarter to eight. I've got a few things to take care of first.

Harry watches, lovestruck, as Mary gets out of the car and walks toward the house.

HARRY (CONT.)
(to himself)
Mary Dunne...Mrs. Mary Dunne...Got a nice ring to it.

We PAN from the hearse to some nearby bushes, where we see a A SHATTERED LLOYD WATCHING ALL THIS IN DISBELIEF.

LLOYD
Some best man...

DISSOLVE TO:

174 EXT. ASPEN HILLS 174

MONTAGE of Lloyd walking through the hills of Aspen, totally BUMMED OUT.

DISSOLVE TO:

175 INT. BEDROOM - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - EVENING 175

Lloyd is sitting forlornly on the bed while Harry feigns surprise at what he's just heard.

HARRY
It doesn't make any sense, Lloyd. She told me ten o'clock sharp. Are you sure you went to the right bar?

LLOYD
Believe me, it was the right place.
(SIGHS)
I don't know, Har, maybe she just had second thoughts.

HARRY
I have a hard time believing that, Lloyd. The girl said she couldn't wait to see you again.

Harry paces back and forth when suddenly SOMETHING OCCURS TO HIM.

HARRY (CONT.)
Wait a minute...

LLOYD
What?

HARRY
It just occurred to me. She must've meant ten o'clock <u>at night</u>.

LLOYD
(brightening)
Do ya think...?

HARRY
Of course! Why would she have you meet her at a bar at ten in the <u>morning</u>?

LLOYD
(shrugging)
I just figured she was a raging alcoholic.

Harry BARKS OUT A LAUGH at their stupidity.

HARRY
Boy, aren't we a couple of beauties?

LLOYD
I <u>knew</u> there was an explanation. And here I thought she was standing me up.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY
That'll teach you to jump to conclusions.
(beat)
Anyway, since you have your night all planned, I think I'll run out and catch a flick.

As Harry walks into the closet to change, Lloyd clenches his fist and glares after him. Then he regains his composure and moves to the bar.

LLOYD
Will you join me in a good luck toast before you head out?

HARRY
(o.s.)
Sure thing, pal. Whatever you think will help your chances.

Lloyd BITES HIS LIP at this. He fills two mugs with coffee and throws a splash of Bailey's in each. He checks to make sure Harry is still in the closet, then pulls out a BOX OF EX-LAX. LLOYD DUMPS THE ENTIRE PACK INTO ONE MUG AND MIXES IT IN.

When Harry comes out of the closet dressed in a NEW SUIT AND TIE, Lloyd does a double-take.

LLOYD
Pretty snazzed up for a movie, aren't you?

HARRY
Uh...it's for mature audiences. I don't wanna chance getting turned away at the door.

LLOYD
I see.

Lloyd hands him the mug with the Ex-Lax. Then he lifts his own glass.

LLOYD (CONT.)
To my friend Harry the matchmaker.

Harry feels a pang of guilt but drinks up anyway.

HARRY
Mmmmm...

He GULPS DOWN THE DRINK.

CUT TO:

176 INT. HEARSE - NIGHT 176

Harry's driving along, WHISTLING happily to himself in anticipation of the night. Suddenly we hear a LOW, INTESTINAL RUMBLE. He reacts and rubs his stomach.

177 EXT. SWANSON CHALET - NIGHT 177

The hearse parks on the street and Harry gets out. He's walking up the steps to the house when we hear more GASEOUS THUNDER from his stomach. Harry stops in his tracks, gets his insides under control, and continues to the front porch, where he RINGS the bell.

Mary answers the door, fiddling with her earrings.

MARY
Hi. Come on in.

178 INT. SWANSON CHALET 178

Harry follows her inside.

MARY (CONT.)
Make yourself at home. I'm almost ready. Just give me one more minute.

As she disappears down a hallway, we hear Harry's UPSET STOMACH again. He notices a bathroom off the hallway and rushes inside.

179 INT. BATHROOM 179

HOLD ON Harry's face as he quickly pulls his pants down and nestles onto the throne. He lets out a SIGH OF RELIEF as he does his business, then leans over and SLIDES OPEN THE WINDOW to air the room out.

He's still glued to the toilet when he hears a KNOCK on the door.

MARY (CONT.)
(o.s.)
Are you in there, Harry?

HARRY
(nervously)
Be right out.

(CONTINUED)

MARY
(o.s.)
I hope you're not using the toilet.
It's broken.

ZOOM IN TIGHT on Harry's face - his EYES GO WIDE and a visible SWEAT breaks out on his forehead.

HARRY
Huh?

MARY
(o.s.)
It doesn't flush.

HARRY
Um, no, I was just...shaving.

180 EXT. HALLWAY 180

A confused Mary is standing outside the bathroom door.

MARY
Shaving?

HARRY
(o.s.)
Yeah, I was running a little late.
Thought this would save time.

MARY
Okay. Well I'll be in the living room
whenever you're ready.

181 INT. BATHROOM 181

Harry's got his pants back on and is lifting the lid off the toilet tank. He starts tinkering with a few valves.

HARRY
(under breath)
Come on, flush, you bastard...

182 INT. LIVING ROOM - SWANSON CHALET - NIGHT 182

Mary's sitting patiently on the couch with her legs crossed. She looks at her watch, then flips on the T.V.

183 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 183

ON THE TUBE - the news is on. A WOMAN REPORTER is addressing the CAMERA gravely:

REPORTER
We'll be back in a minute with the story of the blind Rhode Island boy who was duped into buying a dead parakeet.

184 INT. LIVING ROOM - TELEVISION - NIGHT 184

We see Billy--the blind boy from apartment 4-C--sitting in his wheelchair, holding up Petey the parakeet with its head Scotch- taped on its body.

BLIND BOY
...I just thought he was real quiet...

185 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 185

The Reporter shakes her head and they go to a commercial. Mary SHIVERS at this and turns off the television. Suddenly the DOORBELL RINGS. She gets up and opens the front door.

HER POV - a dapper Lloyd is standing there in his new Aspen-chic clothes.

MARY
Yes...?

LLOYD
Hi.
(beat)
Don't you remember me?

MARY
Um...I'm not really...

LLOYD
Providence. I drove you to the airport last week.

MARY
(dawning on her)
Oh my God. Lloyd, right?

Lloyd is thrilled at this.

(CONTINUED)

LLOYD
You remembered.

MARY
What are you doing in Aspen?

LLOYD
I brought you your briefcase. You left it at the airport so I picked it up for you.

Mary's MOUTH DROPS OPEN.

MARY
You're the one who took my briefcase?

LLOYD
Yeah, it's back at my hotel room. Come on, let's take a ride. I'll give it to you.

Mary is torn between getting her briefcase and waiting for Harry.

MARY
Wait right here.

She goes to the bathroom door. Inside we hear the LOUD CLANKING of metal against metal.

MARY (CONT.)
Harry, what are you doing in there?

186 INT. BATHROOM 186

Harry's got the entire toilet completely DISASSEMBLED now. Various pieces of the commode litter the floor, including the big plastic float ball. He's on his knees tinkering with some pipes coming out of the wall.

HARRY
Uh...just cleaning my teeth. Give me a minute, Mary, I'll be right with you.

MARY
(o.s.)
Sorry, but something important's come up and I have to run out. It's sort of an emergency. I'll explain later.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY
But Mary--

MARY
(o.s.)
--I'm really sorry, Harry. I promise we'll do this another time.

Harry hears her FOOTSTEPS echo down the hallway and then the front DOOR CLOSING. Harry slumps against the sink, defeated.

HARRY
Great...

CUT TO:

187 INT. MARY'S JAGUAR - NIGHT 187

Lloyd is in the passenger seat, wearing a subtle, SATISFIED SMILE. An anxious-looking Mary is at the wheel.

188 EXT. HOTEL DANBURY - NIGHT 188

The Jaguar pulls up in front of the hotel. As Lloyd and Mary get out, we PAN OVER to reveal that they were being followed by Nicholas Andre and J.P. Shay in a Mercedes.

189 INSIDE ANDRE'S MERCEDES 189

Andre pulls a PISTOL from beneath his seat and slips it into his coat.

ANDRE
They're <u>mine</u>...

190 INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE 190

The door opens and Lloyd and Mary ENTER.

LLOYD
...So anyway, as soon as I got to town I tried to look you up but I didn't know your last name.

He leads her to the closed BRIEFCASE which is sitting on the bed.

MARY
I don't believe it. You really have it.

(CONTINUED)

LLOYD
'Course I have it. When Lloyd Christmas drives a woman to the airport, he makes sure she gets all her luggage, no matter what he has to do.

Mary looks at Lloyd and smiles.

MARY
This is incredible. You mean to say you drove two thousand miles just for me?

LLOYD
Well...no...I mean, you know, there were other reasons...
(beat)
Actually, yeah, I guess I did.

She can't believe her ears.

MARY
That is the sweetest thing I've ever heard.

He drops his head and Mary leans over and kisses him on the cheek.

CUT TO:

191 INT. HEARSE - NIGHT 191

A sullen Harry is driving back to the hotel.

HARRY
(MUMBLING to himself)
It's all kharma, Harry. You screw your best friend over and it's gonna come back to haunt you, plain and simple...

CUT TO:

192 INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE 192

CLOSE ON LLOYD'S FACE - he's starry-eyed in love as he spills his guts.

(CONTINUED)

LLOYD
Look, Mary, I know this may seem a little sudden but I've given it a lot of thought: You're the woman I've been waiting for my whole life, and I'm not ashamed to admit it--
(holds up his hand)
--Please, let me finish.
(DEEP BREATH)
I'm crazy about you. I've never felt this way about anyone. You make it so easy for me to tell you my innermost desires.
(NERVOUS LAUGH)
Listen to me, I feel like a schoolboy again.
(beat)
A schoolboy who desperately wants to make sweet, sweet love to you.

Suddenly we hear a TOILET FLUSHING O.S.

REVERSE ANGLE REVEALS that Lloyd has been talking to an EMPTY CHAIR. The bathroom door opens and Mary comes out. She looks around, expecting to see someone else.

MARY
Oh...I thought I heard you talking to someone.

Lloyd is flustered. He swallows hard. It's the moment of truth.

LLOYD
Mary...
(BLURTING OUT)
I desperately want to make love to a schoolboy.

MARY
(taken aback)
Maybe I should be going now.

LLOYD
No, that's not what I meant. I meant...I really like you, Mary. I like you a lot.

She smiles at this.

LLOYD (CONT.)
I'm gonna ask you something flat out and I want you to answer me honestly:
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LLOYD (CONT.) (cont'd)
What do you think the chances are of a girl like you and a guy like me ending up together?

Mary is obviously thrown by this question.

MARY
Lloyd, that's difficult to say. I mean we hardly--

LLOYD
--I asked you to be honest, Mary.

MARY
But Lloyd, I really can't--

LLOYD
--Come on, give it to me straight. I drove a long way to see you, the least you can do is level with me. What are my chances?

MARY
Not good.

BEAT.

LLOYD
You mean not good, like one out of a hundred?

MARY
I'd say more like one out of a million.

BEAT.

LLOYD
(Duh)
So you're telling me there's a chance?

193 INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - A MOMENT LATER 193

Just then, there's a KNOCK at the door. When Lloyd opens it, he's face to face with Nicholas Andre.

MARY
Nicholas...what are you doing here?

ANDRE
I've been looking for you, Mary. I've got some interesting news about your husband.

(CONTINUED)

Lloyd looks at Mary, devastated.

LLOYD
Husband?

ANDRE
Aren't you two going to invite me in?

Lloyd and Mary hear a CLICK and turn to see Andre POINTING A GUN at them. Andre steps into the room, and we

CUT TO:

194 INT. HOTEL DANBURY - LOBBY - NIGHT 194

As Harry mopes through the lobby, we hear someone CALL OUT:

WOMAN'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Hey!

Harry turns to see the Athletic Beauty approaching.

HARRY
You...? What are you doing here?

CUT TO:

195 INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE 195

Nicholas Andre has his gun pointed at a stunned Lloyd and Mary.

ANDRE
Well at least you two got to say your goodbyes.

LLOYD
Who are you?

ANDRE
Don't play dumb with me, asshole. I'm the rightful owner of that briefcase you've been carrying.

LLOYD
Uh-oh.

Mary can't believe what's happening.

MARY
Nicholas, you...you motherfucker! My family trusted you!

(CONTINUED)

ANDRE
Shut up!

LLOYD
Uh, sir, about the briefcase, I want you to know, my friend Harry and I have every intention of reimbursing you.

Andre looks alarmed. He motions Mary to the briefcase with his gun.

ANDRE
Open that damn thing!

Mary opens the briefcase and a pile of WHITE, CRUMPLED-UP BALLS OF PAPER fall out along with a few packets of hundreds.

ANDRE (CONT.)
What the hell's this? Where's all the money?

LLOYD
That's as good as money, sir. Those are our IOUs. You can add them up yourself. Every penny's accounted for.

Andre looks like his head is about to BURST in anger.

ANDRE
You're fucking dead!

LLOYD
Now don't do anything hasty, man.

CUT TO:

196 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY 196

Harry gets out of the elevator and lets himself into the Presidential Suite.

197 INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE 197

Harry ENTERS looking contrite and CALLS OUT:

HARRY
Lloyd, are you home? We've gotta talk, man. I have a serious confession to make.

Harry comes around the corner and STOPS COLD.

(CONTINUED)

HIS POV - Lloyd and Mary are lying on the bed, their arms handcuffed to the bedpost.

HARRY (CONT.)
Oh good, you found her. I'll just leave you two kids alone.

Harry turns to go, but bumps into the MUZZLE OF ANDRE'S GUN.

ANDRE
Why don't you stay and join the party?

CUT TO:

198 INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - A FEW MINUTES LATER 198

Harry is sitting beside Lloyd and Mary on the bed. Nicholas Andre keeps his gun trained on them while he SPEAKS on the phone:

ANDRE
...I want a one-way ticket to Rio De Janeiro departing as soon as possible...

ON THE BED - Harry and Lloyd can't look each other in the eye.

MARY
You mean you two know each other?

LLOYD
(cutting)
Yeah, we used to be best friends.

HARRY
Until <u>he</u> turned into a backstabber.

LLOYD
<u>Me</u> a backstabber? You got a lot of nerve. <u>I</u> saw her first.

HARRY
Hey, I couldn't help it if she found me irresistable.

Mary ROLLS HER EYES at this.

LLOYD
But you knew how crazy I was about her.

HARRY
Yeah, and you knew how crazy I was about Fraida Felcher, but that didn't stop you, did it?

(CONTINUED)

LLOYD
(waning righteousness)
What are you talking about?

HARRY
Don't deny it, Lloyd. Fraida told me the whole sordid story.

Lloyd can't muster a defense.

LLOYD
Look...I was gonna tell you about that. It was gonna be mentioned at the reading of my will. I swear, you can ask my lawyer.

Harry glares at him.

HARRY
Well I guess we both learned a little something about each other, didn't we?

LLOYD
You said it, pal. Maybe we're not as good friends as we thought we were.

HARRY
Guess not.

LLOYD
I mean, if one beautiful girl could rip us apart like this, then it seems our friendship isn't worth a damn.
(beat)
Maybe we should call it quits right here.

HARRY
Just tell me where to sign, bud.

Suddenly they hear the metallic CLICK-CLACK OF A GUN BEING COCKED.

ANDRE
Okay, which one of you losers wants to die first?

The guys exchange a look and SWALLOW HARD.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY
I wouldn't pull that trigger if I were you.

ANDRE
Why not? It'll look like just another Aspen love triangle. You caught the two of them in bed, handcuffed them to the post, murdered them, then killed yourself.

HARRY
(smug)
Except you're forgetting one minor detail.

ANDRE
What's that?

Lloyd and Mary look to Harry, hopeful.

HARRY
If you kill us, you'd be killing yourself.

ANDRE
(puzzled)
Huh?

HARRY
You see, philosophers believe that we're all really just tiny pieces of one huge universal being. In other words, I am you and you are me, so if you were to kill us you'd be committing suicide, you unenlightened idiot--

ANDRE
--Shut up!

Mary sees that they're in deep shit now.

MARY
What about my husband? Did you kill him, too?

HARRY
Husband? What husband?

LLOYD
Mary's married, Harry.

(CONTINUED)

ANDRE
No need to worry about Skippy.
(beat)
Now this is the last time I'll ask: Who wants to die first?

Harry gestures with his head at Mary.

HARRY
Kill her. The bitch should've told him she was married back at the airport. It would've saved us a lot of trouble.

Andre points the gun at Mary.

LLOYD
No, I'll go first, Harry. I was the one who got you into this mess.

Andre points the gun at Lloyd.

HARRY
No, wait, do me first. I'm the one who stole your girl, Lloyd. I deserve it.

Andre SIGHS and points the gun at Harry. Then, as Mary and Lloyd look on in horror, he FIRES TWICE. Harry grabs his stomach and falls off the bed to the floor.

LLOYD
Jesus Christ! You killed my best friend, you bastard!

Andre smiles.

ANDRE
If it's any consolation, you're about to be reunited.

He aims the gun at Lloyd, COCKS THE TRIGGER. Suddenly, a SHOT RINGS OUT and the gun is blown out of Andre's hand.

ON THE FLOOR - Harry is very much alive and pointing a pistol at the stunned Nicholas Andre.

LLOYD
Harry! You're alive!

199 INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - A MOMENT LATER 199

Just then, the door BURSTS OPEN and SEVERAL POLICE OFFICERS storm in with their weapons drawn.

(CONTINUED)

COP #1
Get your hands up, asshole!

Lloyd and Harry throw their hands into the air. A stunned Andre turns to see six guns pointing at his head. He reluctantly raises his hands. Mary and Lloyd are flabbergasted by the turn of events.

There's a sudden commotion in the room. Pushing her way through the mass of cops comes the Athletic Beauty. She flashes an ID.

ATHLETIC BEAUTY
Special officer Kathryn Frick. Federal Bureau of Investigation.

LLOYD
(dumbstruck)
You gotta be kidding.

ATHLETIC BEAUTY
Good work, Harry.

Lloyd looks to his friend, confused. Harry opens his shirt, revealing a BULLET-PROOF VEST.

HARRY
She grabbed me down in the lobby and explained what was up. They slapped this on me and gave me a gun.

LLOYD
(to Athletic Beauty)
But how did you...?

ATHLETIC BEAUTY
We've been following you two all the way from Providence. Mr. and Mrs. Swanson had a homing device planted in the briefcase.

The guys glance guiltily at one another.

HARRY
Yeah, about that dough...

ATHLETIC BEAUTY
Every bill was counterfeit and marked.

Harry and Lloyd EXHALE a SIGH OF RELIEF.

CUT TO:

200 EXT. HOTEL DANBURY - NIGHT 200

There's a swarm of ONLOOKERS as Andre and J.P. Shay are hustled into a police car and driven away. While Mary TALKS to the police, Harry and Lloyd stare at her lovingly.

LLOYD
She's something, ain't she, Har?

HARRY
You were right, Lloyd. She was definitely worth the trip.

Just then, a cruiser pulls up. The back door opens and a MUSCLE-BOUND BEHEMOTH OF A MAN climbs out. He's massaging the back of his aching neck and brushing styrofoam packing peanuts out of his hair. Mary comes running over to greet him.

MARY
Skippy! You're okay.

SKIPPY
Yeah, baby, I'm fine. Just a little sore, that's all.

He re-adjusts his neck with a GRUESOME CRACK, then he and Mary embrace.

Harry and Lloyd watch this happy reunion for a moment, then Lloyd turns to Harry.

LLOYD
You know, Har, something just occurred to me.

HARRY
What's that, Lloyd?

LLOYD
They never gave us our food at that MacDonalds...

DISSOLVE TO:

201 INT. LOBBY - HOTEL DANBURY - THE NEXT DAY 201

Lloyd and Harry come out of the elevator with their meager luggage, but this time nobody rushes to their aid.

202 EXT. HOTEL DANBURY - DAY 202

The guys EXIT the hotel and approach the Bell Captain, Barnard.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY
Hey, Barney...

BELL CAPTAIN
Yes, gentleman?

LLOYD
Look, we just wanted to say that we appreciate all you did for us during our stay.

HARRY
And we're, um, sorry about the money we gave you turning out to be phony.

BELL CAPTAIN
Don't worry about it, gentleman. The Swanson family has promised to reimburse everyone.

This seems to please Lloyd and Harry. The hearse is delivered to the front door.

LLOYD
Well, anyway, thanks again for everything.

They turn to go, but Barnard CALLS TO THEM:

BARNARD
Where are you two headed?

HARRY
I dunno. I'm sure we'll find a trailer camp somewhere to call home.

BARNARD
Why not right here?

Harry and Lloyd look at each other, confused.

LLOYD
This joint is a little out of our budget, Barney.

BARNARD
(smiling)
Oh, I think we might be able to find you a free room somewhere-- after all, like you once told me, we're all from the same mold.
(winks)
You just don't have any dough right now.

(CONTINUED)

The guys are STUNNED by Barnard's generous offer.

HARRY
Are you on the level?

BARNARD
Absolutely. We'll just slide you into one of the employee rooms...

The guys beam at this.

BARNARD (CONT.)
...Provided, of course, you don't mind working one or two afternoons a week.

Harry and Lloyd lock eyes. Then:

LLOYD
You know what, Barney, I think we'll take our chances down the road.

Barnard shakes his head as the two fools climb into their hearse and drive off.

203 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY 203

As the hearse drives down the road, we hear V.O.:

HARRY
(v.o.)
Since we're finished elbow-rubbing, what next, Lloyd?

LLOYD
(v.o.)
I say we head due south and try a little nose-rubbing with some of them slinky eskimo babes.

HARRY
(v.o.)
Now you're talking my language. You know I got a weakness for blondes.

As they head toward their next adventure, the CAMERA PULLS UP, UP, UP... END CREDITS

THE END